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KERRANG!

JOHN COUGAR

MÖTLEY CRÜE

DAY ON THE GREEN

LITTLE STEVEN

INSIDE: AN EXCLUSIVE 32" X 23" PIN-UP OF PAUL STANLEY OF KISS!

STEVE HARRIS and 'Eddie' of Iron Maiden: pic Ross Halfin

The Beast is Back

FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE MAIDEN MONSTER

0 70989 36500 04

POWER SOURCE

■ **RUSH** (BASSIST **Geddy Lee** pictured here) release their new album '**Power Window**' through *Vertigo* on October 18.

The full track listing is:

Side One: '**Big Money**', '**Grand Designs**', '**Manhattan Project**' and '**Marathon**'.

Side Two: '**Territories**', '**Middletown Dreams**', '**Emotion Detector**' and '**Mystic Rhythms**'.

The album, which was produced by **Peter Collins** and Rush, was recorded betwen April and August of this year at *The Manor* in Oxford and *Air Studios*, Montserrat. It was mixed at *Sarm East* in London.

■ **ZZ TOP**'S long-awaited new album is to be called '**Afterburner**'.It will be released on the *Warner Brothers* label in late October/early November and has the following track listing:

Side One: '**Sleeping Bag**' (just issued as a single), '**Stages**', '**Woke Up With Wood**', '**Rough Boy**' and '**Can't Stop Rockin'**'.

Side Two: '**Planet Of Women**', '**I Got The Message**', '**Velcro Fly**', '**Dipping Low (In The Lap Of Luxury)**' and '**Delirious**'.

All songs were written by **Gibbons/Hill/Beard** and production, as ever, was by **Bill Ham**.

■ **MARILLION** HAVE been forced to postpone their UK tour, originally scheduled for September/October, because **Fish** was ordered to take a three week rest following the loss of his voice.

The band hope to re-schedule these dates during January, although as yet no fresh concerts have been officially confirmed. However, any tickets purchased for the cancelled tour will be valid for the new shows.

■ **DEEP PURPLE** vocalist **Ian Gillan** recently had his tonsils removed at a hospital in W. Germany.

The routine operation was voluntarily undergone by Gillan, who has had a number of minor and major throat problems over the past few years. Apparently, the impetus for this decision was the cancellation of Spanish dates on Purple's European tour earlier this year, due to the vocalist's larynx trouble.

According to a spokesperson for Ian Gillan, he was talking again within 24 hours of the operation and is now resting in Ibiza before beginning work again with DP.

■ '**THE LAST COMMAND**', the second album from Los Angeles outfit **W.A.S.P.**, looks set to be released on *Capitol Records* around the last week of October. Produced by **Spencer Proffer** and W.A.S.P. bassist/vocalist **Blackie Lawless**, the full track listing is:

Side One: '**Wild Child**', '**Ball Crusher**', '**Fistful Of Diamonds**', '**Jack Action**', and '**Widow Maker**'.

Side Two: '**Blind In Texas**' (the first single), '**Cries In The Night**', '**Running Wild In The Streets**', '**The Last Command**' and '**Sex Drive**'.

■ **DOKKEN** ARE close to completing their new album in Los Angeles, tentatively scheduled for US release in November and bearing the title '**Under Lock And Key**'. The album is being produced by **Neil Kernon** in conjunction with **Michael Wagener**, who is scheduled to mix the album after completion of the recording.

Among those tracks set to appear is a number titled '**The Hunter**'.

■ FORMER **KISS** guitarist **Mark St. John** and ex-**Black Sabbath** vocalist **David Donato** have formed a new band called **White Tiger**. They are presently auditioning for members to complete the line-up. And contrary to reports elsewhere, drummer **Barry Brandt**, previously with **Angel**, isn't involved in the project.

■ **WENDY O. WILLIAMS** has just finished work on her latest album. Titled '**Kommander Of Kaos**', it was co-produced by Wendy with **Wes Beech** and **Rod Swenson** at a studio in New Jersey. As yet no label deal has been signed for the project, however the LP does contain a number of songs previewed by W.O.W. at London's *Hammersmith Odeon* recently when she supported **Motörhead** at the latter's tenth anniversary shows.

Wendy will be appearing at London's *Camden Palace* on October 1 at a special show which will be filmed by *Trilion* for televising at a later date as part of a forthcoming '**Live In London**' series. Entry is free and W.O.W. takes to the stage at 8pm. However, numbers will be restricted to 500.

■ **THE CULT** issue their second album through *Beggar's Banquet* on October 18. Titled '**Love**', it was produced by **Steve Brown** at *Jacob's Studio* in Farnham and has the following track listing:

Side One: '**Nirvana**', '**Big Neon**

Glitter', **'Love'**, **'Brother Wolf, Sister Moon'** and **'Rain'** (just released as a single in seven inch/12" formats, both having **'Little Face'** on the flip. The latter also features **'Here Comes The Rain'**).

Side Two: **'The Phoenix'**, **'Hollow Man'**, **'Revolution'**, **'She Sells Sanctuary'** and **'Black Angel'**.

The band, who are signed to *Sire* in America, will be appearing live on *Channel 4*'s **'The Tube'** on October 11.

■ LONDON QUINTET **FM** issue their debut single through *Epic* on September 30. Titled **'Frozen Heart'** b/w **'Dangerous'** (live), it was produced by **Peter Collins** in Ibiza. The band are likely to follow this up with the release of an album, as yet untitled, within the next few months.

■ **THE CARS** are currently putting together a **'Greatest Hits'** compilation album for release through the *Elektra* label in the near future. As yet untitled, it's expected to feature one new track, the **Ric Ocasek**-penned **'She Comes Tonight'**. This was recently recorded by the band in New York.

■ NEW YORK act **Smashed Gladys** have now finished recording their debut album with producer **Mark Dearnley** at *Rockfield Studios* in North Wales. Self-titled, the album is expected to be released through the *Heavy Metal America* label on November 4.

The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Playin' Tuff'**, **'17 Goin' On Crazy'**, **'Eye Of The Storm'**, **'Revolteen'** and **'It Ain't Right'**.

Side Two: **'Hard To Swallow'**, **'Once You've Tasted Blood'**, **'Dream Away Heartache'**, **'Never Take No'** and **'Metal Guru'** (a cover of the **T. Rex** number).

'17 Goin' On Crazy' b/w 'Hard To Swallow' has just been issued as a single.

The band hope to tour the UK later this year. As yet, no dates have been confirmed.

The outfit's line-up is **Sally Cato** (lead vocals), **Bart Lewis** (lead guitar), **Marcel LaFleur** (rhythm guitar), **Matt Stelluto** (drums) and **Jeff Philips** (bass).

■ GERMAN ROCKERS **Trance** have split from their label *Rockport Records* in a dispute over the release of their **'Victory'** album. However the band are still intending to tour across Europe this year.

■ YORKSHIRE ACT **Baby Tuckoo** have just signed a new recording deal with *Music For Nations*. The band are expected to begin work on their latest studio album in the near future. As yet, no producer has been confirmed for the project although they are presently recording demo material in Bradford with **Liam Sternberg**.

■ **HELIX** HAVE just released their latest album, **'Long Way To Heaven'**, through *Capitol* in the UK. For review see issue 99.

■ **HONEYMOON SUITE**'S second album is currently being recorded with producer **Bruce Fairbairn**/engineer **Bob Rock** at *Little Mountain Studios* in Vancouver. As yet untitled, the LP will be mixed by **Stephen Taylor** at *Farmyard Studios* in the UK, with a projected release date of early '86 on the *Warner Brothers* label.

■ FORMER **BILLY IDOL** drummer **Greg Gerson** has replaced **Sandy Slavin** in the **Adam Bomb** band.

■ **DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS** issue a mini-album titled **'Hot Lover'** through the newly-formed *Gas* label (distributed by the *Cartel*) on October 14. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Flying On Two Wheels'**, **'Got Nothing To Lose (Rocking The Blues)'**, **'Night Rider'** and **'Rock The Nation'**.

Side Two: **'Hot Lover'** and **'Out Of Reach'**.

■ DUE TO increasing print/production costs, we have been forced to increase the price of *Kerrang!* by 5p to 85p.

DEEP DEALINGS

■ *A ONE-OFF band has just been formed under the monicker of **Deep End** by former **Who** guitarist **Pete Townshend** (above). The group will play three benefit shows at London's **Brixton Academy** on November 1-3 in aid of the Double O Charity, which deals with drug-abuse by working with casualties, clinics and rehabilitation centres.*

*Tickets for the gigs are priced at £6 and are available from the Academy box office, usual agents or by sending a cheque/PO to: **Academy Theatre, 211 Stockwell Rd, London SW9.** All cheques/POs should be crossed and made payable to **'Double O Charity Ltd'**. In addition, credit cards can be used by phoning **01 362 1022**. There will be a 50p handling charge for all credit card/PO purchases.*

*Aside from Townshend, the band will also feature **Dave Gilmour** (guitar), **John 'Rabbit' Bundrick** (keyboards), **Simon Phillips** (drums), **Peter Hope-Evans** (harmonica), **Chucho Merchan/Kick Horns** (brass) and **Billy Nichols** (backing vocals).*

*Deep End will also be appearing on **Channel 4**'s **'The Tube'** on October 11, when Townshend will be airing material from the soundtrack to the forthcoming movie **'White City'** plus numbers from his solo career.*

OCTOBER 3-16

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JON BON JOVI: giant poster free with the next issue!

RONNIE JAMES DIO: a 32″ × 23″ pin-up coming your way in issue 106!

LITA FORD: combine the reverse sides of our three free posters to create a life-size pin-up of the Kerrang! readers' top female sex symbol!

SO – DID y'all like the poster of Paul Stanley of Kiss given away FREE with this issue? Ya did?! Well in that case make sure you get the next two issues of *Kerrang!* – cos we've got *still more* exclusive pin-ups comin' your way!

In our next edition – number 105 – we'll be presenting a simply stunning 32″ × 23″ portrait of Jon Bon Jovi, hot from the camera lens of Mr Ray Palmer!

And in ish 106 don't you dare miss Ross Halfin's wizard rendition of everyone's favourite rainbow-rappin' heavy rockin' elf – Ronnie James Dio!

Don't forget that the reverse sides of our series of three posters combine to create a life-size pin-up of luscious Lita Ford!

Each of the trio of posters must be worth at least £1.50. And, we don't believe you'd be able to buy a life-size portrayal of Lita Ford for much less than £6/£7! And of course, like this issue, *Kerrang!s* 105 and 106 will be shrink-wrapped in clear film to ensure that you receive your posters in tip-top and perfectly pristine condition!

Future issues of *Kerrang!* are bound to sell like hot rock cakes, so to avoid disappointment fill in the form on this page and hand it into your local noiseagent today!

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Please start reserving/delivering* *Kerrang!* for me from issue 105 (dated October 17-30).

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Pic Ray Palmer

THE ELEPHANT MAN

Multi-talented PAUL SABU (pictured far left with drummer CHARLES ESPOSITO) brings on the 'Heartbreak' for the benefit of DEREK OLIVER

NOW THERE'S an innocent face if ever I've seen one.

Paul Sabu sits relaxed by the indoor pool with a pleasant smile, his face and chest tanned by California's omnipresent sun. On the opposite side of a pine table sits a forlorn Englishman with matted hair, a *Philips* tape recorder and an excited imagination.

Paul Sabu is in London town, along with drummer Charles Esposito, on a mission to promote his latest album, (released over here by *Heavy Metal America*, a subsidiary label of the increasingly improving *Heavy Metal Records*) and one that in the short time since its release has seen an awful lot of positive vibes and some neat sales figures to match.

If you read my review in issue 103 you'll know that the 'Heartbreak' LP is a superb release much in tune with the intelligent melodic Metal delights of Giuffria, White Sister and LA's finest Legs Diamond. Lost in major guitar chords and thick bursts of Mellotron madness, Paul Sabu's croaky vocals (similar to a sober cross between Phil Mogg and Dot Coverdale) whip up a smokin' texture of reckless abandon and unbeatable class.

The one thing you probably *won't* know is that our man Sabu has been walking the razor's edge for longer than most would imagine. Indeed the depth of the man's talent and compulsive determination is really quite extraordinary and his long-service career is literally crammed to the max with interesting and intensely obscure asides that even trivia maniacs like Paul Suter would probably find totally baffling.

Evidence? Oh sure, there's plenty to choose from, like the staggering array of cultural incompatibles who have, over the years, received the benefit of Sabu's golden-armed guitar gyrations; acts including the Spencer Davis Group, the James Gang, the Guess Who and disco bozos Rose Royce, the Jacksons and the Undisputed Truth.

Not only is Paul Sabu a damn fine axepert, but he's also a keen knob twiddler with a fine, fine ear for production and engineering duties, having been hired by big time showbizzzzzz earwigs like Sheena Easton, Amy Stewart, Kim Carnes, Lindsey Buckingham and, most recently, his royal highness (him of the porcupine barnet) Limahl. And more too! Yup, even living legend John Waite, who isn't short of a few decent toons himself, has covered one of Sabu's songs. Like, this man is a genius, right?

"THAT'S QUITE flattering," proclaims Sabu, with a shy shrug of his broad shoulders. "It's not that I'm really brilliant at all those things, it's just that well, I don't know, I guess I've been lucky y'know."

With a civil surface and a non-existent ego, Sabu's career details take on a pretty engrossing quality. But Sabu isn't purely a one-man band and of course there's always the anomaly of his self-confessed appreciation of both Metal and *disco* (I promise to wash right away, honest!)

"It's true, I did record a disco album," admits Paul with both hands face down on the table, "but basically we did that for the money. I like disco, I must admit, but like everything in this world there's always the good and the very bad."

The disco album Paul Sabu is referring to was recorded way back in 1979 on the *Ariola* label. Fortunately his band quickly returned to the LA bars and their HM roots, finally inking a proper deal, this time around with no strings attached, with *MCA* who then released Sabu's *real* debut, an incredibly majestic Pomp Metal opus much in the mould of 'Heartbreak'.

It's worth mentioning that although the LP stiffed Stateside, it actually hit gold status in quite a few countries, including Italy, France, Spain and Mexico.

And then nothing. Paul explains those missing years . . .

"After the original Sabu finished I drifted into doing studio work but kept myself busy by writing and recording my own songs during dead time at the studios. I kept on pushing the songs to all kinds of people and finally managed to get *Motown*'s newly-formed rock label *Morocco Records* interested. The only problem was that they wanted to promote the material as a band and not as a solo project.

"Anyway, I signed a deal and called up the other guys, it was like a scene out of the *'Blues Brothers'*, y'know: sort of like phoning people up in the middle of the night, breathing down the phone, then saying, 'We're putting the band back together, you in?' Then I'd put the receiver down. I thought it was funny, but then I've got a strange sense of humour.'"

THE *MOROCCO* LP finally emerged under the monicker of 'Kidd Glove' in early 1984. Despite heavy Stateside promotion it didn't exactly fill the Sabu coffers with pots of gold or indeed ivory (eeek! That's a sore point. Read on!). It also transpires that *Morocco Records*, staffed in the main by ex-*RCA* personnel, wasn't the most stable of labels, being forever at the centre of political turbulence. It would hardly come as a surprise then, to learn that the company recently folded.

"I think the album was pretty good and we did some great live shows with Ted Nugent to promote it," smiles Paul. "It's a shame, but I really believe we did everything we could and the record company let us down on that one.

"Legally, I was pretty much tied up with the *Morocco* contract until March of this year so I couldn't sign anything. But I did write songs and some of those were put forward for film scores at the *Midem* festival in Europe (the music industry's big get-together). Paul Birch (*HMR*'s mainman) got to hear them and bombarded me with letters and telephone calls asking if he could put them out. Anyway we struck up a deal and recorded some more songs to make up an album. I think these are the best songs I've ever written, far better than Kidd Glove or the original Sabu."

Backing Paul this time round is bassist (and one of the original Sabu members from the very first album) Rick Bozzo (at one time a member of Giuffria), keyboard player Dan Ellis and drummer Esposito (previously with Driver – no relation to the new Rudy Sarzo/Tommy Aldridge band). Top priority for Sabu as a band is to secure an American deal riding, they hope, on the success created by the British response to the 'Heartbreak' LP. Although Paul won't state the fact publically he is pretty close to tying up an impressive contract with a well-respected major. Then he hopes to tour, which is something he's looking forward to.

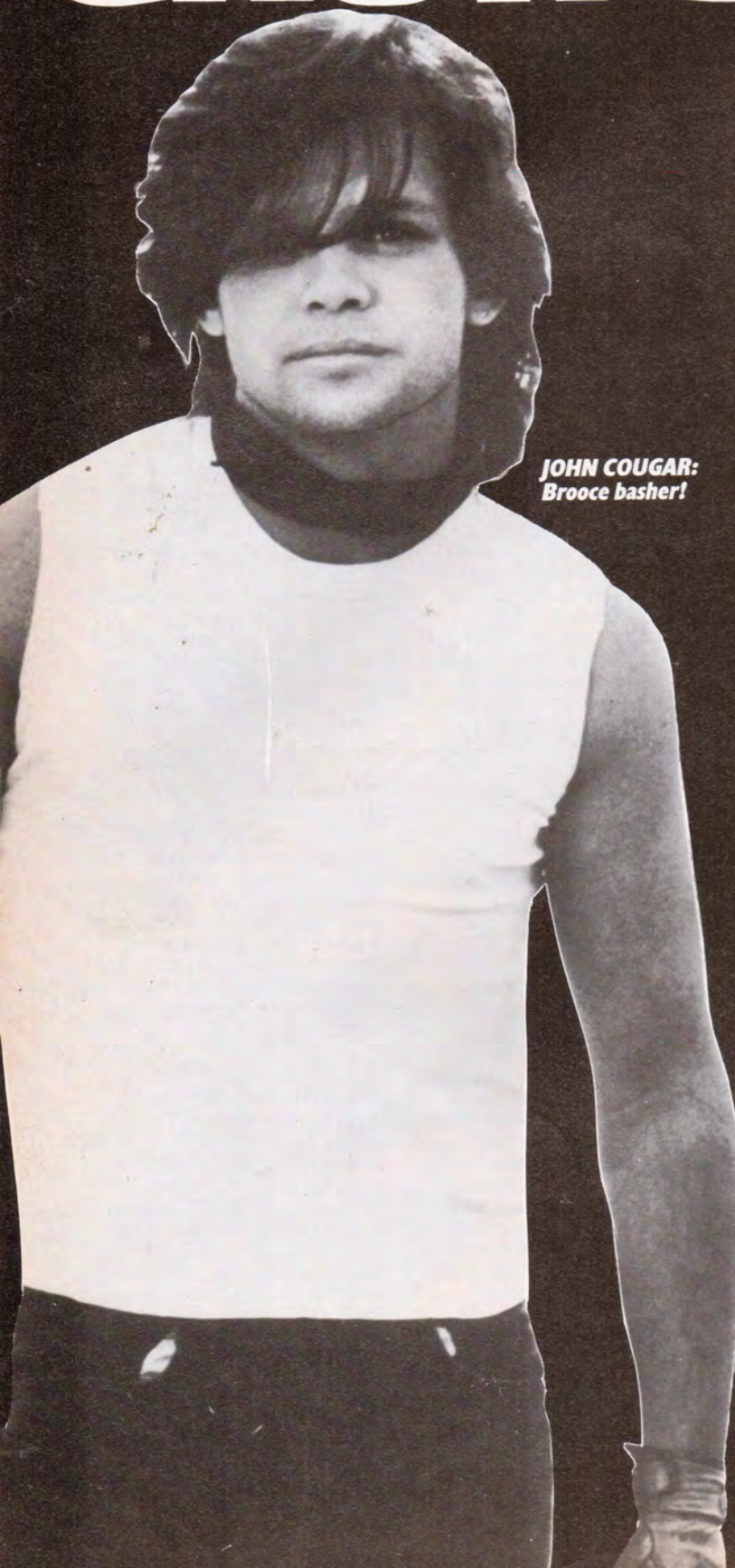
AND THAT pretty much wraps it up except, of course, for the 'Sabu The Elephant Boy' rumour. Is it true, could he really be the son of Hollywood's original Elephant Boy Selar Sabu, the star of such celluloid classics as 'Sabu The Elephant Boy', 'Black Narcissus', 'Thief Of Baghdad' and 'Jungle Boy'?

"OK, my father was the Elephant Boy," admits Paul, "but really I want to keep that low key. Of course, I can't deny it, but what relevance does it have to my career these days? Maybe if I was an actor but not a rock star, right?"

K: Kompost!
KK: Khueless!
KKK: Kompetent!
KKKK: Korrosive!
KKKKK: Kolossal!

CROW'S FEAT

JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP
'Scarecrow'
(Riva 824 865-1 M1 import)
KKKKK



JOHN COUGAR: Brooce basher!

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN? The Boss? Why don't all you media trendies and cocktail lounge rock 'n' rollers stop thinking you're hip to the game and dismiss ol' Spring-bean to the third place position that he should rightly occupy in the 'Soul Of The US Nation' *Billboard* chart?!

Ya think he's the massa, the gaffer, the big wig do ya? Well for shame suckers, you ain't never crossed to the other side of that dusty beaten track and met John Cougar Mellencamp! Believe you me, JCM leaves Springsteen kissing songwriting ass and pens magical ditties that he can happily serve at the best of Dylan and leave even the great man struggling to return!

Actually, the guy's had it in his bones from the off. 'I Need A Lover' from '78 showed Pat Benatar up for the weak-kneed cabaret singer she's proving herself to be, and 'Jack and Diane' from '82 was a thunderous celebration of young love! And yet it was with last year's 'Uh Huh' body-blow album that John Cougar Mellencamp really stood up, put together a nigh on faultless rock 'n' roll record, told us to forget all the other s**t – and learn from the master!

Well learn I did, becoming a disciple of JCM's Stonesy r 'n' b drawling in the process! I couldn't get enough of that dry guitar sound, of those big spacey drums and of John's gravelly vocals that came straight and true from the heart! Couldn't drag myself away from 'Uh Huh' for love nor money, and my only salvation has been the arrival of 'Scarecrow'!

Hard to *comprende padre*, but 'Scarecrow' is even better than its predecessor. From a purely songsmith's standpoint it's stronger, and in its evocation of atmosphere and exposition of John Mellencamp the man it's sharper too!

John's home state is Indiana and he's a Mid-west man through and through. It lays itself open in the earthiness and accessibility of his songs and, of course, in his down-to-earth lyrical approach. The guy's got a caring finger on the pulse of the American working nation's heartbeat and it's *that* which is going to put JCM into the megastar bracket – and, more importantly, keep him there!

That, and his songs of course, though lyrics and melodies are so harmoniously interwoven that you can't honestly separate them! Dissection is for scientists, white-coated sterility. JCM is for hot-blooded humans!

'Scarecrow's choc-a-bloc with the business, from the celebratory stomp of 'R.O.C.K. In The USA' through to the quirky oddity of 'Grandma's Theme (Public Domain)', sung by Grandma Laura Mellencamp. Yet inbetween lies some of the finest 'heart music' you can lay hands on.

Finest of 'em all is 'Rain On The Scarecrow', wherein Mr. Mellencamp traces the demise of the Midwest farming community against an enthusiastic, yet melancholy, r 'n' b backdrop.JCM's own vocal performance is nothing short of brilliant as he lays down lines like:

'And grandma's on the front porch swing with a bible in her hand
Sometimes I hear her singing take me to the promised land
When you take away a man's dignity he can't work his fields and cows
There'll be rain on the scarecrow and blood on the plow'

It's not all depressing lyrical fare, though. 'Small Town' is positively joyous in its extolling of small town virtues, once again simple and infectious, r 'n' b music that is without reproach. You're gonna dig this one y'all!

Guitarists Mike Wanchic and Larry Crane link with an ease and smoothness that would put Nicholas Parsons to shame, and the patterns they weave during 'Minutes To Memories' and 'The Face Of A Nation' are utterly awesome! You can almost smell those country farms!

There really are no lows in this here vinyl script, and that despite the fact that the bulk of each track was recorded in one spontaneous take. The spontaneity doesn't kill the artistry here, though, it enhances it, and JCM, Wanchic, Crane, bassist Toby Myers and drummer Kenny Aronoff can walk this Earth with heads held high and hearts a beatin' proudly.

HOWARD JOHNSON

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 12

W.A.S.P.

THE NEW SINGLE

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COMING SOON THE NEW ALBUM

"THE LAST COMMAND"

Capitol Records

FROM PAGE 10

BELTANE FIRE
'Different Breed'
(CBS 26582)
KKKK½

THE PROOF of the pudding is in the eating, so they say, and after reading a menu full of journalistic jibberish from yours truly on behalf of this band, I'd say that even those on a strict diet of HM should be feeling a mite peckish by now, right?

I hope so, because it's not every day that a band like Beltane Fire raps on the heavy, reluctant door of British rock music offering a distinctive and attractive alternative to the mainstream flow of things. It's not all that often that we encounter a band with new ideas and new expressions, one capable of thinking beyond crotch and liver, and equipped to deliver the superficial essence of good-time rock with a depth of character and emotion.

So let's cut the crap and consider 'Different Breed' – an intriguing debut album which draws together the many different strands of Beltane's influences and dabblings into a neat knot of rock music. One quick panoramic glimpse will give you the double-bass strut of 'Captain Blood', the Celtic-flavoured anthem of 'Fortune Favours The Brave', with its military-style drums and reaching twin-guitar lead, the reggae leanings of 'Excalibur' and the stern rocking stomp of 'King Arthur's Cave'. But in order to appreciate the album and its subdivisions fully, a much more thoughtful surveillance is needed . . .

There's no doubt about it, Beltane's style is weird and, at first, difficult to get into. People may disagree over where the style is rooted, but with the modern guitar sounds and effects which Carlo Edwards achieves contrasting with the thumping, old-fashioned double-bass of Mitch Cows, and Clint Bradley's operatic voice snaking somewhere in between, it should be concluded that this band have created their *own* firm identity, and that any attempt to shove them into a pigeon-hole would be iniquitous. As you might expect, they are an acquired taste, but then the challenge of 'getting into them' is, I can assure you, very rewarding.

And yet, having documented the curious nature of Beltane Fire, it must be said that the band present enough memorable choruses here to attain a certain amount of immediacy; fill your lungs with 'Fortune Favours The Brave', 'Night Fishing' and 'Excalibur', for example, and you'll be planting the seeds of a long and, I'm sure, fruitful association with the band.

MARK PUTTERFORD

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Pink Floyd The Wall
Ozzy Osbourne Bark At Moon
Paul Young Secret Of Association
Queen Works/Europe '84
Quiet Riot Mental Health
Rush Europe '83
Slayer Tour
Scorpions Blackout '83
Saxon Eagle Has Landed
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Emotional Rescue

JOE LYNN TURNER
'Rescue You'
(Elektra EKT 20)
KKKK

ONLY AMERICANS could call their menfolk Lynn, but maybe we should let that little matter pass seeing as how this is supposed to be a good review. After all, if Blackmore can handle it then mere mortals such as ourselves ought to be able to manage it too; working in Rainbow with its zillions of line-up changes wrought anonymity on all those who sailed in her, and it's with this album that the former band's former vocalist has to demonstrate that he's not actually a C&W singer with big tits called Jolene . . .

Turner's certainly picked a fine band to carry his banner, topped by the outstanding Al Greenwood on keys, with former Rainbow drummer Chuck Bürgi hitting things and former Starz/Tycoon/Fiona axeman Bobby Messano handling both four and six-stringers on the album. One presumes that he won't be expected to achieve *quite* as much on stage . . .

The presence of Greenwood is a particularly fitting one, for this album bears a more than passing similarity to Foreigner during the Greenwood era. But for Spys and their distinctly non-Foreigner sound you might be inclined to believe that this was simply a case of him taking over the record, but evidently pre-'IV' Foreigner is the area Turner consciously intends to explore after the excesses of Rainbow.

The album's definitely a quality release, but there's a distinct feeling that Roy Thomas Baker's production is badly underdone, resulting in a densely packed, 'middly' sound lacking the peaks of excitement which would have made the songs truly stand out. Greenwood's synthwork delivers all the right moves and Messano plays his heart out, but the exuberance is sadly stifled.

JOE LYNN TURNER: laying the ghost of Rainbow to rest

However, Turner does at least get the opportunity to shine himself, exhibiting more all-round quality than Rainbow ever gave him the chance to show.

It's album opener 'Losing You' which lays the Foreigner angle most emphatically on the line; proud but restrained rock which rips along tastefully into an emphatic hook in the tradition of all their early rockers. The immediate similarity proves less evident thereafter, but the pace and vigour of the material is likewise inclined – a vigour strongly enhanced by the busy and prominent basswork of Messano, almost as evident in the mix as his guitar.

The age-old motif of fading out on extended repetition of the hook becomes rather wearing in places, with several tracks going on just a shade too long, but at least they're *good* hooks and there isn't a weak link on the album. It's a shade unfortunate then that the *sound* of the record doesn't let the songs rip out of the speakers as they should, though the first single 'Endlessly' doesn't have much holding it back, a proud song with Turner's caressing vocals in fine form.

Evidently, JLT has all that it takes to do himself lots of good, but a new producer next time would help stimulate progress a shade, methinks . . .

PAUL VIVIAN SUTER

TOTAL DEATH!

IRON MAIDEN
'Live After Death'
(EMI Records RIP 1 EN 24 0426 3)
'Live After Death (The World Slavery Tour) Video'
(Picture Music International)
KKKKK (for the record)
KKKKK (for the video)
KKKKK (for the fun of it)

SCREAM FOR me muthas . . .
ssccCCRrreeEEAAMM . . .
SCREEAAMMM!!

Well, it's here. It's arrived, godammit. The new double live album and accompanying video from the ones the one-eyed ones love the most, the only people in the world alongside Alex 'Hurricane' Higgins who truly deserve the title of 'People's Champions'. Iron Maiden, 'Live After Death', the ultimate in everything a live album should be and the very last word in state-of-the-art live rock video.

I said IT'S HERE MUTHAS! So now what are we going to do? Weep, that's what. Because after buying this album Bootleg Hill will never look so good again. Official live albums suck, mostly. In the past I got my thrills straight off of Bootleg Hill – vids, 45s, double and triple s**t recordings of truly exciting raw material, everything I had that was good enough to use more than once or twice came to me over-priced and strictly under the counter. Always.

But not this baby.

No. For years I've been waiting for some smart guy to put out a live album/video that did the job properly and took me right into the best seat in the house on the hottest night of the tour. No dice . . . Iron Maiden are the first band to extend me that small courtesy.

THE WHOLE 'Live After Death' package is quite, quite stunning in every respect. It's a masterpiece wrought on splendid and intricate detail; the original artwork, the design, the enthusiasm and humour, and most of all THE MUSIC, collide into a glorious cacophony of sound and vision. Electro-static highs that tiptoe up your spine and burn fat red holes through your ears. The rouged and bruised poetry of the music, over 100 minutes of it, nestling like a time bomb in the rocking arms of the ingenious packaging . . . it's too much this stuff, all too much . . .

(SOMEBODY GIVE ME A TEQUILA NOW!!)

Awright, that's better. Let's do it.

First, the record.

Cue: *Side One*, track three, 'The Trooper'. To wit:

'WHOOAHH OH
OH OH
OH . . .
OH WHOOAAHHH!"

Guitars behaving like hoodlums on another blue Saturday moon, drums jabbing you in the ribs like truncheons, nightsticks on the back of your neck, bass like thunder after dark, ominous and booming, the vocals polishing the muskets, medieval and wrong-headed in a 21st Century kind of way, all desperate and emotional, the whole thing pulling you like gravity into the jaws of the biggest f**king hurricane God ever did blow . . .

But wait. Wait, godammit.

I gotta give you the sleeve. A gatefold and a Derek Riggs original, of course; a giant golden Eddie rising like the fallen king of the zombies from his grave, his face a mask of insane and unholy vengeance, eyes like dead suns 30 seconds before the final bang. The surrounding graveyard a rock 'n' roll cemetery of young and ancient dreams, broken and tombstoned. Headstone messages that read things like:

'Live With Pride', 'Here Lies Faust, In Body Only', 'Metal Lives', 'Let It R.I.P.' and, best of all, HP Lovecraft's verse, *'That is not dead/ Which can eternal lie/Yet with strange aeons/ Even death may die'.*

On the horizon the city disintegrates into history and in the sky moonlightning casts the ghastly silhouette of the Grim Reaper, and well, something powerful's going on here, something stronger than we know. Inside the gatefold there he is again, Eddie, this time on stage in America with the band, at the very climax of the show. Dotted around are the first of over 200 colour photos included on this package, shot mostly by the band's official photog, Ross Halfin (one of the finest, *etc*).

The inner bags have all the lyrics, more (and more) colour pix from all over the world and choice items like producer Martin Birch's Thoughts On Live Recording . . . There's also an eight-page colour booklet that comes with everything. Inside there's maybe another 100 Halfin photos and each and every date from the band's '84/'85 World Slavery Tour complete with the flags of all 24 countries visited on this 322-date trek. There's a massive list of all the equipment used by the various band members on the tour, and the daily work schedule of the crew for you to look and gape wall-eyed at, plus credits and thanx and stuff and nonsense bands don't usually bother to talk about.

IRON MAIDEN'S Bruce Dickinson: 'the nearest any person could get to being on a world tour without actually leaving town'

For instance, did you know it is a solid fact that Iron Maiden consumed over 50,000 cans of beer, 30,000 soft drinks, 6,000 pints of milk and 2,500 pints of orange juice, and got through 100,000 miles using 7,778 hotel rooms, 6,392 guitar strings, 3,670 drums sticks and 3,008 guitar picks? And God knows how many wristbands 'Harry' went through . . .?

Even the label with the polohole plugged through its guts carries it's own special design.

What do you think?

I think this is the nearest that any person could get to being on an Iron Maiden world tour without actually leaving town.

A groove, right?

WHEN finally you get to the music I guarantee you will *not* be disappointed. If you are, check with your local GP. You may be suffering from the creeping jeebies some call Old Age, or perhaps you will discover that you are *already* dead. For me, this is the best live heavy rock album I've heard since . . . um . . .

Sides one, two and three comprise the band's entire set taken from four shows at *Long Beach Arena* in California last May. Side four is five of the best from the band's cataclysmic stint at the *Hammersmith Odeon* at the fag end of last year. But wherever it comes from, it all burns and glows like a shot through the heart, hardening the arteries and drowning the lungs in bedevilled Metal Mayhem. It explodes on impact with Churchill giving it straightfaced to the yanks and 'Aces High' sparkling into (live) life.

From thereonin it's everything you expect to never get from a live album: not one dull moment, not one faked f**k-up and not one good reason not to tear the house down. 12 great tracks – you already know the titles, surely – '2 Minutes . . .', 'Rime . . .', 'Number Of The Beast', what can I tell you? It's serious business and not to be brushed aside.

Were the album to end as it does on *Side Three* with 'Run To The Hills' and 'Running Free', I would be a happy and fulfilled little droogie. Only it doesn't. I'm English, see, and so is *Side Four*, so maybe I'm allowed to bathe a little in the perogative of my own sweet prejudices. 'Wrathchild', '22 Acacia Avenue', 'Children Of The Damned', 'Die With Your Boots On', 'Phantom Of The Opera'. . . that's *Side Four*, and apart from anything else I really don't know how often I'll get to hear Maiden perform moonstompers old, old, old like this in the future. So, for me, *Side Four's it.*

But don't take my word for it, ask Eddie yourself.

NOW THE video is taken exclusively from the second night in Los Angeles and therefore has a slightly different running order and completely different performances, and you can hang my skeleton if it all ain't as raucous as anything on the album. Directed by Jim Yukich, it really is something else. Who said Heavy Metal bands don't make *great* videos? Shoot them!

'Live After Death', the vid, is brilliant. Brilliant. It cuts around at lightning speed and leaves you sweating and screaming in the aisles of your own front room. After this, life is nothing but another backstage pass to the nearest bar.

To celebrate.

And by the way, it's *your* round.

MICK WALL

MORE REVIEWS OVER PAGE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

MICK RALPHS
'Take This!'
(Rock Machine MACH 3)
KKK

THREE Ks? Well, maybe I'm being a little generous here to Mick Ralphs, maybe this rather unspectacular solo album is only worth *two* out of five . . . but then with musicians like Ralphs, Micky Feat (bass) and Simon Kirke (drums) involved up to their ears, the music is at least 'kompetent'. Confused?

To be honest, 'Take This!' is a bit of a disappointment and you'd have to be a *real* Mick Ralphs fan to shell out for it. The man is at the helm all the way, writing every song (except Chanel/ Cobb's 'Hey Baby'), arranging and producing as well as playing a number of instruments and taking care of lead vocals. But when all is said and done, the album is typified by the opening track, 'All It Takes' – not bad, but tame and not particularly striking either.

In many ways, Ralph's efforts here remind me of Snowy White's solo project. There's some fine guitar work (natch) and some nice 'n' easy songs, but the weak lead vocals tend to let everything down a touch. If you bought a Snowy White album expecting to hear Thin Lizzy you'd be thoroughly disappointed, and the same applies if you buy 'Take This!' and expect to encounter big Bad Company.

Having said that, though, it's when Mick and his boys stray over-so-slightly into Bad Co. territory that the ears tend to prick up. 'Rock Fever', as you might expect from the title, is one of the more uptempo, uplifting and up-yer-ass tracks – still restrained but with Ralphs' guitar cutting through with a bit of rock'n'roll swagger – and 'When The Revolution Comes' is a bit rocky too (no, not *'Rocky II'*, fools!). But the rest of the material, including 'Give You My Love', 'Fast Travelling Man' and 'On The Run', is mild and lacklustre.

The title track warrants noting – a nice instrumental, but nothing too head-turning from Ralphs' fingers – and 'Last Chance Saloon' merits a mention as well, if only because as a sub-Kenny Rogers effort it made me laugh. But the best of the slower songs for me is 'Another Lonely Day', the final track on the album and a nice way to finish, even if once again I was left with the impression that with a decent singer in charge of the microphone it could've been much better. I wish Mick would just let his guitar do the singing . . . but then there's nothing too outstanding here on the fretboard front either. Shame.

Overall, 'Take This!' is fair. And I can't say much fairer than that.

MARK PUTTERFORD

RIO
'Borderland'
(Music For Nations MFN53)
KKKK½

IT'S IRONIC really – no sooner do *Heavy Metal Records* completely ruin our preconceptions of the label with the dizbustin' splendour of Sabu's 'Heartbreak' album than *Music For Nations* come up with Rio's debut, undoubtedly the most impressive and mature LP to emerge from an indie rock label in this country. I decline to say 'best' because I enjoyed a handful of indie releases more (OK, I have small hands), but if ever an album was destined for multiple platinum status in America then this is the one – and where's your 'small indie' then?

Success for Rio in Britain is a shade more unlikely, but in America CHR radio will voraciously consume 'Borderland' like 'snow' off a mirror, and if this album doesn't make *MFN* pots of money I'll eat my cat – I'm sorry, I don't own a hat.

Heavier than REO but lighter than Styx (prime-time Styx that is), Rio present cultured, commercial rock rather than exuberant HR, sort of Don Henley meets modern-day Raspberries perhaps, but rather heavier than either, and it's a tribute to their creativity and talent that this album is the work of a mere *two* young men – Jon Neil on vocals/ guitar and Steve Rodford on drums/bass/keyboards and backing vocals.

To get the negatives out of the

Goodbye Girl?

GIRLSCHOOL
'Running Wild'
(Mercury 824 611 – M1 import)
KK½

YIKES! It's being mouthed in certain dark quarters right now that Phonogram *in da UK may not even have the common courtesy to release 'Running Wild'! Now c'mon, play the game, out of order and a whole host of similar cries of protest! How can the evil so-and-so's up on high do such a thing to the band! The fans say a* Sun*-style 'support our gals!' and don't you dare do deeds of such a grimly fiendish nature! Or do they John . . . do they* really*?!*

How much interest is there left in the Girlschool saga? Does anyone out there seriously, honestly *believe that Kim and Ko have a chance of making that elusive Big Time? Does anyone think that it's not just taking the piss a little bit to talk of Girlschool headlining the* LA Forum*? If you* still *have faith in the gals then maybe you should take a listen to this here album!*

*Nah, it's not that 'Running Wild' is fingers-down-the-throat bad. It's not that it's got me wrenching my hair out in despair, it's not two-bob-down-the-*Record And Tape Exchange *awful. But, and it's a big but, it's not good either! It's not beat-your-girlfriend-over-the-head-in-delirium. It's not ruin-yer-fave-set-of- strides-with-permanent-stains (y'know what I mean!). It's not slobber-and-slaver-all-over-the-disc! 'Running Wild' does not get me hot!*

KIM McAULIFFE: hair today, gone tomorrow . . .

OK, so Neil Kernon's been spyed re-mixing 'Let Me Go', 'Nowhere To Run' and the title track in the hope of pulling the proverbial cat out of the bag, but I don't hear anything remotely special enough to bust down any doors. The aforementioned 'Nowhere To Run' is about the closest thing on the album to a highpoint, but again the choppy riff lacks the imaginative sparkle needed to put magic in the grooves.

Elsewhere, Nick Tauber's solid but unimaginative production does little to submerge or conceal the very average songwriting. 'Something For Nothing', 'Are You Ready?', 'I Want You Back' . . . kinda sounds like you've heard the whole kaboodle before dunnit? And you wouldn't be wrong cherubs!!

And the gals themselves? Well, they're not great players and, despite positive noises from Mr. Suter, I wasn't knuckle-rapped by Jackie Bodimead's vocal delivery (the cover of Kiss' 'Do You Love Me?' is quite, quite awful). Not that such minor failings have stopped a whole host of musical wallies from slaying and scoring, but Girlschool lack the flash and charisma that takes true *stars the whole way.*

It's a shame that this album looks destined to score only on the 'Sweet FA' charts, cos we need the likes of Kim, Jackie, Chris Bonacci, Gil Weston-Jones and Denise Dufort. We need the Girlschools and Rock Goddesses in this chauvinistic world of Metal. But we need them to be in there competing *and I'm afraid 'Running Wild' is just an innocent bystander at those pearly Metal gates!*

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way first, it's necessary to point out that the guitar sound is frequently a little too polite – at a time when even US disco can be found sneaking in some really ballsy, hard-edged guitar it's a shame that Neil doesn't burn with quite the intensity he might. It's good rather than stunning, and the same goes for his vocal performance; these songs have so much class that a classic vocalist should be delivering them, and it's hard on him that his impressive performance would win high praise virtually anywhere else, but here there's a yearning desire for something of unparalleled splendour.

But that all amounts to trying to pick holes in a magnificent record, maybe just to prove that I haven't lost my critical faculties completely. From beginning to end 'Borderland' is an absolute cracker, superbly fluid outings in the realm of commercial yet nevertheless hard rock, carefully crafted in conjunction with producer Stephan Galfas to maximum aural effect. In places it's perhaps a little too perfect, stealing emotion away for the sake of stereo splendour, but there's no getting away from the magnificence of the material.

Forced to nominate standouts, I'd go for the proud race of 'Shy Girl', shades of Don Henley in hard rock guise propelled along by some ankle-breaking double-bass drum work, and the electric sleaze of the title track is a killer way of closing the record on a highpoint, slip 'n' slide muscle (it's certainly the most overtly heavy track on the record) pierced by a shining blade of razor-sharp harmonies – a recurring motif throughout the album. 'Straight To The Heart' presents a similarly cutting consommé of sparkle and bite, avoiding the *clichés* without breaking the CHR mould.

The only problem with breaking this record in America is going to be where to start with the singles. 'Tommy Can't Help It' must be a prime contender, ushered in by very Foreigner-like synths as it plies its balladic path before peaking on a neatly cast hook full, inevitably, of tasty, tasty harmonies.

Like I said, probably a dead duck in Britain before it starts (go ahead and prove me wrong, I'd be only too pleased), but with all the majors having missed the mark with the bands they've signed up for American consumption, it's going to be fun to see the Yanks lapping this one up, and justifiably so.

CHR with clout, and a great record. PAUL SUTER

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 17

World In Action

MR MISTER
'Welcome To The Real World'
(RCA PL89647)
KKKKK

MR MISTER: Paging Dave Lewis . . .

*HOLY s**t, what a record! There's a former* Sounds *colleague of mine, one Dave Lewis, who's been fighting a losing battle as press officer at RCA, trying to get us interested in something on his roster; White Wolf was a near miss, Autograph worked but way after we'd heard it on American release, Shy was an on-target band with an off-target album . . . but then along came Rick Springfield and now with Mr Mister to dangle in front of us there's a severe risk that Mr Lewis is going to become one smug little item. Like I said, holy s**t, what a record!*

Not that it was expected. Way back in 1979 Richard Page first revealed a hint *of something special with Pages and their 'Future Street' debut (when he initially teamed up with Mr Mister keyboards maestro Steve George) but the follow-up was pretty weak, and when he finally re-emerged with Mr Mister last year their debut was neat but certainly no big deal.*

But 1985 has seen some fascinating things going down, and none more so than 'Welcome To The Real World'. Take a talented AOR outfit and expose them to Saga and Yes, plus lots of British synth bands – and maybe to Springfield's 'Tao' too – and then send them off to write their own record . . . and you might just be lucky enough to get something like this. There's a mountain of synthetic sounds at play, but leavened by human – very human – melodies and Richard Page's expressive voice, plus the clear evidence of human hands guiding those synthetic sounds.

And let's not forget the traditional powertools of rock either, especially when they're in as fine a form as here – take a bow Steve Farris for some truly dynamic guitar work, and take another Pat Mastelotto (ex-Shandi's band, as Larry The Lamb's card index reveals when Suter's brain index fails) for the grim-faced percussive urgency your drumming adds to every track, with Richard Page's bass neatly wrapped around it.

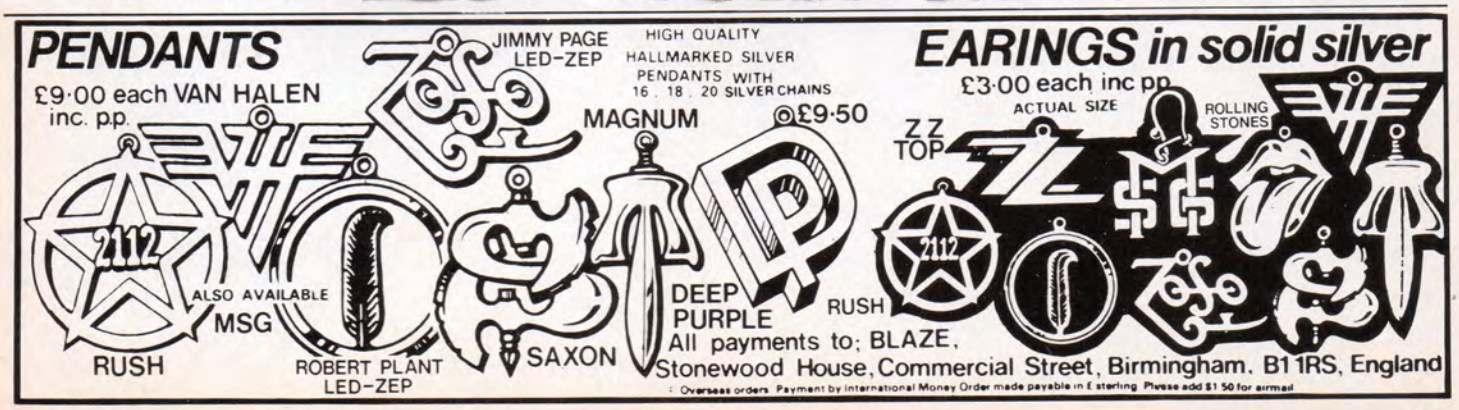
Ultimately, what we end up with is modern, furious AOR with fire in its eyes, a sleight of hand transforming modern modishness into traditional magnificence, and it's just too difficult to highlight individual tracks when there's so much to commend each and every one. And so . . .

Starting at Side One *track one isn't actually the easiest way to go, because 'Black/White' does actually take a couple of spins to fully appreciate, at which point light and shade begins to fall into place punctuated by Farris' vicious guitar strokes. Better to debut the disc with the anger and tension of 'Uniform Of Youth', edgy and dangerous with Steve George's synths vying with Farris in an attempt to do the most damage as Mastelotto makes like a powerstation (pun intended), and* not *in the background either. More modernistic mayhem ensues in the fighting shape of 'Don't Slow Down' before the virtually guitar-less textures of 'Run To Her' offer delicious respite, leading into the briskly tantalising 'Into My Own Hands' with its sharply undulating hook. Winners one and all, and that's only* Side One.

Side Two *opens, I kid you not, like the Human League, but 'Is It Love' soon transforms itself into bristling AOR, a supersmoothie wielding knuckledusters behind its winning hook, which lays the ground well for the magnificence of 'Kyrie' where some Saga sounds are well to the fore until,* crash!, *and Page's fluid, melodic voice suddenly finds itself soaring over a welter of big, angry sounds.*

There's more action too – catch the rising urgency of 'Broken Wings' where Farris' guitar surreptitiously attacks behind the flowing hook, and then you're running for home with the casual yet strangely insistent tones of 'Tangent Tears' followed by the fascinating escalation of the title track, an eventful succession of interwoven textures building to a forceful, stabbing hook before the hugely dramatic (but equally mysterious) climax.

This album's exciting, inventive and fresh, but still full of traditional style and finesse. So go out and buy the bloody thing, OK? PAUL SUTER



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FROM PAGE 15

ATOMKRAFT
'Future Warriors'
(Neat Records NEAT 1028)
0.1 K

ATOMKRAFT LOVE dressing up in leather and studs. Atomkraft grit their teeth and glare when they're having their piccy taken. Atomkraft think it's appropriate to have the title of their album written in blood. Atomkraft sing songs like 'Dead Man's Hand', 'Total Metal', 'Burn In Hell' and 'Heat And Pain'. Atomkraft sound like a building site on Monday morning.

Actually, there's less here than meets the eye. The retarded team of Rob Mathew (possibly guitar), Ged Wolf (probably drums) and Tony 'Demolition' Dolan (general noize) is so narrow-minded they could probably all look through a key-hole with both eyes at once, and this . . . er . . . *thing* is clearly the result of at least a minute's thought. If Thatcher heard this, the 'Iron Maiden' would slap a licence on the sale of musical instruments before you could say "Venom".

Not that any of these carefully chosen comments will perturb dear ol' 'Demolition' Dolan, apparently the foreman of this building site, who just loves playing his bass with a lawn mower, singing with a mouthful of gob-stoppers and printing his name proudly at the bottom of each pukesome poem. I mean, before you can say "Wordsworth" he'll pen you a gem like *'At Total Metal we're the best/'Cause we're the f**king dirtiest'*, and with Van Gogh's ear for a good riff, he'll have you amazed with his microscopic talent.

Almost on a par with Donut Dolan is Rob Mathew, credited as 'guitarist' but as tracks like 'Pour The Metal In', 'This Planet's Burning' and 'Warzone' illustrate, he is to guitar playing what King Herod was to babysitting. In an ideal world, *Neat Records* would be charged with Indecent Exposure for allowing this bunch of berks to release an album on their label . . . but then perhaps those weird Geordie gentlemen forgot to switch their hearing aids on when signing Atomkraft.

I'll tell you what, lads, if I say in my *Kerrang!* review that you are a promising band . . . will you promise never to play another note?

MARK PUTTERFORD

The Never-ending Story

SAGA
'Behaviour'
(Portrait PRT 26579)
KKKKK

IT'S BEEN two long years since Saga last delighted the world with their unique brand of keyboard-orientated arty pomp rock. I really do think the band are head 'n' shoulders above the rest of the field when it comes to 'pomping out'. Their last album 'Heads Or Tales' failed to live up to its predecessor 'Worlds Apart' largely because Saga are always willing to experiment and try something new and off-the-wall. And, yes, they've gone and done it again!

'Behaviour' is well weird and I must say it took me quite a few spins to get into it, but once I'd been sucked in there was no turning back – the album has gone straight into my Top Three records of the year behind Michael Bolton and Legs Diamond.

SAGA'S Michael Sadler: brill!

Once again keyboards dominate the LP, but let's not take anything away from Ian Crichton cos when this man tears into his axe, as he does on 'Misbehaviour', he's a joy to listen to. But it's those oh so smoochy keys that have always been Saga's trademark and they do use 'em well, like on 'Take A Chance'; the tune is well eerie yet helped along by Steve Negus' almost military skin-pounding, and let's not forget Jim Crichton's thumping bass lines – yeah, this one has 'hit' written all over it.

The two real *winners are at the end of* Side Two, *however, and they are the very catchy 'Here I Am', which is typically Saga-like, and '(Goodbye) Once Upon A Time', which is sure to have you reaching for the* Kleenex*; this has gotta be one of the most moving songs* ever *committed to vinyl. There's a great variation in the arrangement of the keyboards and I just dug the s**t out of the corny 'kiddy chattin'' effects at the beginning. Yeah, this song feels like it could easily go on forever, it's almost film soundtrack music. In fact, that could be the very direction this band will choose to head in.*

I could go on but there's no need; just buy the bleedin' album and see for yourselves how brill Saga can be. XAVIER RUSSELL

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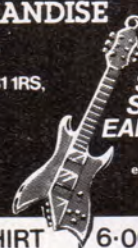

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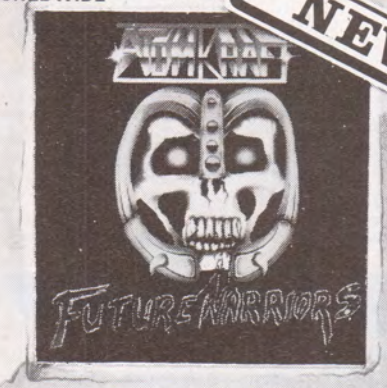

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FROM PAGE 17

KIX
'Midnite Dynamite'
(Atlantic 7 81267-1 import)
KKK½

SO, NOT satisfied with *one* Ratt, *Atlantic* now seem well on the way to having two. By dint of pairing another – previously pretty turgid – five-piece Metal guitar band with producer Beau Hill and drafting in old Helix cohort Rob Halligan to co-write with bassist and band leader Donnie Purnell, *Atlantic* have come up with a fine, raucously Metallic affair that may be low on truly memorable material but contains enough good rockin' and sufficient points of interest to justify their persistence with the band after two hopeless albums.

'Midnite Dynamite' is Metal cacophony with a touch of class; a couple of times the band are deadringers for Ratt and the rest of the album finds them not far away. Mercifully, however, they also have the suss to distance themselves from slavish emulation of the rodents with some intelligently cast intros and bridges which possess the same unexpected charms as appeared recently on the Trash album – taste within a torrent of molten Metal. Well, warm at any rate.

The sound's more East Coast than West despite Kix's Maryland origins, and although you've heard most of it before the band's energy and pizazz help them pull it off.

It's difficult to nominate outstanding tracks, with the record more an album than a collection of individual songs stuck together, but the *staccato* rhythms of 'Layin' Rubber' with its glorious layered hook make for one cracking performance, and if somebody had thought to make just the slightest adjustments to the power ballad 'Walkin' Away' it could have been positively stupendous. Nevertheless, it stands as a particularly fine piece of work.

Elsewhere, it's simply Metal – in the modern American sense of the word – on a ten setting, cacophonous to the point where the vocals are virtually unintelligible, and absolutely quivering with energy.

Hardly a classic record, but a fine piece of unremitting action nevertheless. PAUL SUTER

CHROME MOLLY: a bumper package!

Polished Metal

CHROME MOLLY
'You Can't Have It All . . . Or Can You?'
(Powerstation AMP 6)
KKKK½

SHINING BUT not exactly polished, attractive but not exactly pretty, this particular prize piece of gleaming chrome is a mirror to all that's exciting and invigorating about British hard rock . . . and that in itself is something of a rarity in these dull daze of posing piss-pots and Metal mundanity.

Listen kid, if you really are looking for a new band to latch onto and haven't yet come across the limitlessly pleasurable likes of Cannes, Beltane Fire and Shooting Party, then stick your hand up your plastic piggy's arse, grab a few beer-tokens and scoot, scoot, SCOOT to the nearest vinyl emporium to purchase the dynamic debut album from Chrome Molly, viz 'You Can't Have It All . . . Or Can You?'.

The bat behind the chat? Ten torrential turbo-jet tracks, transfixed with torpedo guitars and raucous rhythms, and full of ripped T-shirt, tight faded-jeans and straggly hair swagger. In essence, the bombastic British bulldog spirit of raunch and grit, garnished ever-so-slightly with the more readily acceptable elements of US HR commerciality. It's early days yet, but this mob could turn out to be the missing link between harsh Brit HM and classy US HR.

Take a lookee here. First away is 'Thanks For The Angst', a thumb-screw opener with a typical terrace-chanting chorus where Molly's intentions are flung down for all to hear, and 'Cut Loose' comes on strong shortly after with another stirring chorus to lodge firmly in your brain, another irresistible and potent rock'n'roll juice to sink into your bloodstream and another sharp sniff of youthful power and energy to send your mince pies spinning like fruit machine wheels. On this evidence, a jackpot isn't an impossibility for Chrome Molly.

'Too Far Gone' (make that 'TOO-OO FAA-AAR GONE!') is next, a big bass stomper of a song which almost runs away with itself, where John Antcliffe's guitar prompts Nik Wastell's frenetic four-string front with neat, slashing strokes and the heavy vocalised chorus reflects faint images of Heavy Pettin. And though it isn't as immediate as this, 'Set Me Free' is a grower of Beanstalk (as in 'Jack And The . . .') proportions, also showing Antcliffe's guitar playing to be a trump card in an already strong hand.

But the ace in the pack of Molly's material for me is 'Living A Lie' at the tail of Side One *– a quite staggering blast of nail-bomb effectiveness, led again by Antcliffe's stupendous guitar frolics and thrusting along in a senses-shattering style that shoots Molly miles in front of most of their contemporaries who're buzzing around major record companies for that step-to-stardom deal.*

And that really is the message hammered home here. Side Two *is full of the thrills 'n' spills of its flip, and it's clear that with a bigger budget and a top producer this young band would be capable of making an album to match the best of 'em within this country's hard rock circle. Chrome Molly have done well in ensuring that there are no fillers on this record, and although one or two tracks tend to slip into the background like Metal camouflage, these boys can be sure that they have the ammo here to demolish the most battle-hardened hi-fi systems and convert the most stubborn of hard rock fans.*

But having jabbed my thumb skyward and slapped my critical credibility on the table for this Leicester lot, I'd feel happier in predicting fab things for them if they would experiment a little more and use their obvious talents in side-stepping the more ordinary aspects of Metal. 'Living A Lie' benefits enormously from its slightly unusual rhythm and Antcliffe's deft, almost offbeat guitar inserts, and the sweet middle section to 'One At A Time' is an effective extra-dimensional touch. More, please.

But all this is irrelevant. What I really *wanna know is, what's Geoff Banks doing leaning on my motor in the front cover pic, eh? EH?!*

MARK PUTTERFORD

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RUDE AWAKENING

MARK PUTTERFORD gets (w)hip to new all-girl band ORAL

'I see you've got a stiff problem, the remedy's begun/ I've sure got the answer, it's on the tip of my tongue/H-E-A-D! Velvet lips, come for you/H-E-A-D! Move those hips,come for me.' (**'Head'**)

'Feels so good around my neck/ It feels so right, looks so wet/Nice and shiny, nice and bright/I know you won't go out tonight/ . . . Baby is it fast enough?/Baby give me that sweet sweet stuff.' (**'Pearl Necklace'**)

NICE GIRLS, ORAL.

If subtlety was rubber, this lot wouldn't have enough to make a *Durex* for a gerbil. But then it's hardly likely that they're going to be supporting the Osmonds on their next World Tour, so why sing about giving red roses when you can sing about giving . . . well, red lipstick stains? Why be suggestive when you can be outrageously blatant and get *right* up Mary Whitehouse's hooter? And why worry about poetical credibility when you can jump (sorry) straight onto Geoff 'Big Boy' Barton's *Playlist* with just the slightest sexual overtone?

Oral don't beat about the bush – they'd much rather beat around the buttocks with whips and chains – so anyone contemplating the purchase of their debut album, 'Sex', should expect more in the line of bondage and blowjobs than birds and bees. David Coverdale? Huh! Enid Blyton compared to Bev, Monica and Dee, the three porno princesses who make up Oral. 'Pearl Necklace' *isn't* a ZZ cover about expensive jewellery, 'Love Pole' certainly *doesn't* concern a romance with a geezer from Poland and 'Gas Masks, Vicars And Priests' has nothing *whatsoever* to do with the clergy in war-time. Say no more . . .

So what are nice girls like them doing in a rag like this? Well, apart from providing the ideal excuse for Ray 'Penthouse' Palmer to get them back to his place for a good session, this band does find itself in an area of HM sparsely populated by all-girl outfits. With Girlschool's apparent process of re-evaluation guiding them away from out 'n' out Metal to the broader planes of rock and Rock Goddess largely absent from the scene, there's not exactly an abundance of Metal maidens to seize the initiative. But Oral's 'Sex' on the *Conquest* label (an 'All The Way' production) zips them into the Metal zone with a bullet.

"I'm pleased with the way the album turned out," guitarist Monica smiles as we chat at *Kerrang!*'s North London HQ (*The Queen Victoria*), "especially considering that we only had a week to do it in and everything had to be done in one or two takes. But having to do it that quick (we're talking about recording the album, by the way) didn't help our bass player, Candy; I don't think she was really up to scratch, so she left. Well, we kicked her out."

That left Monica, singer Bev and drummer Dee, who had been together for just a year before having the opportunity to record an album. As Dee is away on holiday and sweet 16-year-old Bev is engaged in an interview of a different sort elsewhere, Monica takes up the story.

"We'd been in various low-key bands for quite a while, but it all started to happen for us when we met our manager, Si Kelly. He introduced us to Bev – who he knew because she used to frequent his sex shops in Soho – and suggested that she should be the front-person for the band. As it turned out, she was a really good singer and writer, and she actually suggested we change our name to Oral. She also wrote all the lyrics, so blame her!

"Soon after Bev joined us we came across *Conquest Records* and the next thing we know we're in a recording studio making our first album! It really has been all so quick for us."

BUT MONICA hadn't lost her vinyl virginity instantly, for it was eight years ago that the leather-clad blonde moved to London from Bath, learning how to play the guitar after striking up an acquaintance with a certain I. Kilminster.

"I don't know why, but Lemmy really got into teaching me the guitar," Monica muses, bless her. "He was really nice to me, but when Motörhead took off he didn't really have the time any more."

So while learning to play her instrument, Monica earned a living in the modelling business – exhibiting her Birthday Suit in popular publications like *Penthouse* (search through all those back issues, lads) – but this she jacked in a couple of years ago to pursue a more respectable career in Kissograms.

"I came to London because I was in a lot of debt and taking my clothes off just seemed such an easy way to make lots of money. But after a while I realised that there are plenty of ways to earn a living without having your picture splattered all over nudie magazines, so I decided to do other things.

"I do a lot of TV work now – mostly comedy sketches where I come on in sexy underwear or something. I've worked with lots of people on TV – Jasper Carrot, Morecambe & Wise . . . and I'm on Tom O'Connor's new show for the *BBC* which hasn't been screened yet. The sketch I'm in is a spoof on elections, and I play Miss Sexy Underwear Party!

"But Kissograms are what I do mostly now. I jumped out of a cake last night, topless. It was good fun. I also met David Bowie the other day when I did a Kissogram with whips and chains an' all that. He was really nice to me (I bet) and seemed almost like a kind of suburban next-door-neighbour type. He took me all round the studios we were at and showed me everything (I bet), but luckily his girlfriend wasn't there, because she's really possessive. Do you know she wouldn't even let the costume-fitters near him?!"

Talking of costumes, do you enjoy dressing up for Kissograms?

"Oh yeah, I collect lots of costumes and do my Kissograms dressed up as a policewoman, a nurse, a nun . . . that's my favourite because I went to a convent and it reminds me of those days.

"I like dressing in leather outfits when I go out for the evening though, and rubber is nice to wear, too. I wore a rubber outfit when I was in Iron Maiden's '2 Minutes To Midnight' video. It was really comfortable, but you have to wear lots of perfume because it smells a bit."

What about sexy underwear? You must wear that quite a lot . . .

"Oh, I nearly always wear sexy underwear when I go out because I nearly always end up taking my clothes off somewhere along the line. In fact, most of the time I only go out to take my clothes off."

Professionally or for pleasure?

"Well, professionally mostly, but for pleasure a lot, too . . . especially if I've had a few drinks. It's a good party trick to just strip off in front of everyone when the evening gets going."

WHAT DOES your boyfriend think of all this?

"Which one?"

How many have you got?

"I don't know, I shouldn't really say too much in case I get into trouble. Y'see, I think the most important thing about having lots of boyfriends is to have each one in a different social class – like one a millionaire, one a hard-up rock musician and so on – and that way they don't meet each other."

Do you have a rich boyfriend?

"Yeah, I've only just met him actually, but he's got a lovely *Rolls Royce*. He's my groupie at the moment."

Do you think you'll attract a lot of male groupies when you go on tour?

"I hope so! I want to go to America and Japan and sample men from different countries. I'm especially looking forward to the Japanese men. Still, I don't mind who they are as long as they've got lots of money and a *Rolls Royce*."

What about women, do you think you'll attract them to your gigs? Or do you think they won't let their husbands and boyfriends come along to see you? (Pun intended, thank you).

"No, I think girls will come to our shows as well as guys – maybe just to see if they can get lucky themselves with all the men around! When I do these topless Kissograms there's always girls there and they take it all in good fun. That's just what it is, really. Most of the people who've heard our songs so far have just thought the lyrics an' all that are funny. We won't shock anyone."

Don't you get embarrassed playing rude songs?

"Well, everyone f**ks, don't they? Everyone has sexual desires and fantasies, and we just like to put them down on record. I don't see why anyone should be embarrassed about sex, or seeing anyone with no clothes on, because it's only natural and everyone enjoys it. I do."

Are you sex-mad?

"Well, Bev's the most sex-mad one out of the three of us . . . I just thank God she's 16 now! She's a pretty raunchy girl, but nice though . . . if you like that sort of thing, ha!"

What about the old traditional ideas of romance – doesn't kissing under the mistletoe an' all that appeal to you?

". . . *F**king* under the mistletoe . . ."

At this point the interview tails off into topics which I'm sure won't interest wholesome herberts like you in the slightest. So let's get back to the meat of this band, cos as we all know, the most important thing is the *music*, right?

It seems to me as if Oral's sound owes something to punk as well as HM, would I be right?

"Yeah, it is a bit punky. Guitar-wise, I'm influenced by people like Steve Jones, and I really like fast riffs. I also like a lot of bands who are in between punk and Metal – like the Lords, the Ramones, the Vibrators and the Blood. But I do like a lot of HM bands as well. AC/DC, Blue Oyster Cult . . ."

I'D SAY that considering it was done on a shoestring budget and in a short space of time, 'Sex' is a promising ejaculation of spunky punk/Metal which brings the phrase 'a female Motörhead' on to the tip of the tongue. With Monica's raunchy guitar and Bev's even raunchier lyrics, these gals are ready 'n' willin' to give the sexist male bands a good whipping (so to speak).

Pic Ray Palmer

BEV (TOP) and Monica of Oral: "Most people who've heard our songs so far have just thought the lyrics an' all that are funny. We won't shock anyone."

WELCOME TO TH-

SYLVIE SIMMONS gets committed to the KI

IN THE midst of an elaborate set, Kiss perform their new single 'Tears Are Falling' for the benefit of director David Mallet

IE MENTAL ZONE

SS institution. Lunatic Lenswork: ROSS HALFIN

PAUL STANLEY is pouting for the camera. A pout by which all other pouts are defined – Steven Tyler's and Stephen Pearcy's, Tommy Lee's and Samantha Fox's all sucked up into the vortex of this one Supreme Pucker.

His shirt's pulled provocatively off one shoulder. Gene Simmons, taking it in with one side of his brain, making simultaneous business calls with the other, "doesn't do *that* sort of thing". His turn, he puffs out his chest, thrusts out his tongue, leather legs twinkling in the light of the flashbulbs. They do what they do for the camera; now it's interview time . . .

Kiss are back in town. Not to play – that's got to wait till next Summer, if then (there's the usual moans about "compromising" the show when they come over, "If we could just put some submarines under the island of England and bring it over so the fans could just walk along to *Madison Square Garden*", then you'd get to see "the *real* show, the KISS show, underlined and in capital letters") – but to make a video for new single 'Tears Are Falling.' Two days of "back-breaking work".

David Mallet directed the "conceptual" little opus you'll be seeing before long, with *papier-maché* mountains, erupting volcano 30-feet high, a '*Raiders Of The Lost Ark*'-style hope-on-a-rope wooden bridge and a naked woman weeping "but her tears are like nothing you've ever seen." Paul Stanley gets to swing on a vine in it, shows me the callouses as proof. Gene doesn't: "While he was swinging on a rope I was f**king a girl at the back of the stage . . ." And you wondered why they called their latest album 'Asylum' . . .

"Asylum is a safe place, a fortress, a bunker, and it's also a place where crazy people are, which counts pretty much as what we've been doing," says Paul as we go in for some serious abuse of the central nervous system with the many bars of *Club* and *Kit-Kat* and the many cans of *Red Stripe* and *Coke* stonehenged onto the coffee table (the immense size of our *Coke* and beer cans and the superior flavour of our chocolate being the band's favourite things about Britain!)

(And while we're putting things in brackets, Gene, you do a lousy British accent. OK, where were we . . .)

"We were in the studio 24 hours a day, pretty much living in there for a couple of months. We actually had a guy," says Gene, "come work us out there, with gym equipment and so on; we brought food in, television, pool . . ."

"It's real peaceful," Paul picks up, "but at the same time you programme the insanity. It's as peaceful as you want it or it's as crazy as you want it – you can have women come in which was great, because there were times when we wanted to see women and we couldn't go out so they came in the studio – in more ways than one!"

"Once you go inside the studio," says Gene, "it's a lot like being back in the womb. In the recording womb."

"And without trying to be too intellectual," says Paul, "you never know what you're going to give birth to. You can go into the studio with this plan for this baby, and the best-laid plans can run amok. There's always a certain element of chance and excitement. It can go one way or the other. The studio can sometimes fight you amazingly."

This time there were no labour pains. 'Asylum' was "just the easiest! A piece of cake. The feeling we had when we made the album was it's almost *too* good. It felt so good right away."

LISTENING TO it, your response isn't quite so instant. There's few tracks, as I said in my review last issue, with the instant ball-snatching, brain-grabbing appeal of say 'Heaven's On Fire'; most of the songs take a while to grow on you, but once they're there they've tremendous staying power. Gene nods.

"There are different kinds of meals – things with a lot of sugar in that taste good right away; we like to think of this record as more substantial, not so much sugar . . . it's good for you! The record I don't think in any way, shape or form has any concessions to 'light' or 'heavy'. What I think this is, is well-crafted hit material."

"It's just us doing what we wanted to do," says Paul. "We just wanted to go in and utilise everything we'd learned on tour and on the 'Animalize' album and make the best record we could."

Is it harder or easier making albums as time goes on?

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"Harder *and* easier," says Gene. "It gets easier because you know what to expect, what the studio's like, what sounds you're going for. What's not so easy, however, is making sure that you don't give in to the first impulse, the *easy* impulse, because the first thought that comes to you is probably something you've done before."

"And you want," adds Paul, "to maintain the level that you've had up to then. When you're doing your first couple of albums, there's a hunger that later on gets replaced by a different kind of hunger – the hunger that you have after 20 albums is to keep up a level of excellence. You also have pressure on you not to fall prey to being so insulated that you no longer reflect what's going on around you.

"If there's a danger with becoming a rock 'n' roll star it's leaving the rock 'n' roll environment. And if you leave that environment you might as well quit because you won't even know what the hell you're writing about anymore! So it's a matter of going into the studio and being true to what you've always been. If you lose sight of who you are, you'll lose sight of your music. Honesty will keep things fresh."

So let's take a closer look inside this 'Asylum'. Seems to be a lot of *sex* going on in the songs . . .

"I think we sing about *life*," states Paul, "and sex is a large part of life."

"Two things that Paul wrote," says Gene, "'Tears Are Falling' and 'Who Wants To Be Lonely' are not in-the-sack-f**king-each-other stuff, that's for sure. It's a conversation that goes on between two people, a male and a female, and even though it's sad it's sensual nonetheless. I think if you can say anything about our stuff, it's *sensual*."

"It's *real*!" Paul protests. "It may not be everybody's cup of tea and it may not be everybody's lifestyle, but it's always real for *us*."

"It's not outerspace or underground with the Behemoth that pops out and bites you," says Gene, quite reasonably.

"I can't remember the last song we had about sorcery or putting pins in your eyes". Paul is all agreement with Gene, all disagreement with me. "'King Of The Mountain' is not about *sex;* it's saying that everybody has the right to – and *should* – feel like number one, everybody should have that feeling of being truly alive, the kind of feeling when you see the sky and you're up on that hill. Hopefully, that's what life's all about – being on your own hill."

"'Asylum' was just the easiest! A piece of cake. The feeling we had when we made the album was it's almost too good. It felt so good right away . . ."

PUT BACK to sex! If the songs are real, is 'Secretly Cruel', the groupie-in-the-snakeskin-boots number, about a real person? Shouldn't we be told?

"It's about a couple of girls, but one girl in particular. The lyrics are pretty graphic". Gene recites some. "'*I saw my picture hanging on her wall, she'd cut it out of a magazine . . .*', and it was one of those girls on the road who took me home instead of coming back to the hotel. And when I walked into her room there were pictures of me all over the wall. This girl, after our – uh – liaison, she wanted more, and it was obvious that if she couldn't get it, you know, hell hath no fury like a groupie, what's the word?"

Scorned.

"Scorned. Some of the songs are very autobiographical, almost like sexual itineraries, and some are just symbolic glimpses, images we get from meeting people. 'Secretly Cruel' is *real*, but at the same time symbolic of a syndrome: the scorned groupie."

I'm not the only one who's said in so many words that Gene can write these crotch-grinders in his sleep by now, that he's got the formula down pat and leaves experimentation to Paul. Fair comment?

"Yes," says Gene. "But you have to write what it is that you write. It has to feel comfortable. At least at this point in my life, if I tried to write a song called 'Tears Are Falling' I wouldn't believe what I was saying".

He sings a line just to show how fake it sounds.

So it's not just a case of thinking, 'I've got to come up with four songs for the album', and knocking them out in five minutes?

"No! I write many more songs than Paul does for each record. I'll write about 30 songs *per* record!"

"Gene and I have been playing together for so long but in many ways we're very different people. So to expect one person to look at the world the same way the other does is selling everybody short. The common ground is rock 'n' roll and fun, but what's on the periphery of that can be real different."

"Here's the way an album works," says Gene. "I will write throughout a tour and gather maybe 20 songs by the end of that tour,and then when I get off I'll write another ten before the record starts. Paul will usually start writing three weeks before the record, and then out of all these songs Bruce will come up with ideas, as he did on this record, and Eric and I wrote two other things, and then out of say 40 or 50 things there are ten things that end up on the record – the *best* things."

"I'll put 24 hours a day into it, I'll stay home," says Paul, "instead of going out in the evening, and write."

"And I can't do that," says Gene. "I just sit there in short spurts, if you'll pardon the expression, and do that for months on end if I have to. The thought of sitting at a desk for *three* hours is too much."

Is this why they rarely co-write songs? There's stuff attributed to them both on Wendy O. Williams' solo album, and one with joint credits on 'Asylum'.

"We didn't co-write that stuff," says Paul. "There was no collaboration."

"The last time we actually sat down," says Gene, "to try and co-write together was a song we tried to do with Lou Reed on '(Music From) The Elder' that I don't think wound up on the album. The last thing we did together was on 'Destroyer'."

We're talking back in '76.

"The song on Wendy's album, 'It's My Life', which we were thinking about recording for this record ("*Some* of us were," Paul interrupts) was a chorus that existed from the '. . . Elder' days that Paul had, and I wrote a verse and a bridge, and that's where the 'co-writing' came in. We didn't actually sit down together. Same with 'Love's A Deadly Weapon', a song I originally wrote with the guitar player I found and put in Wendy's band; it was originally called something like 'The Difference Between Men And Boys Is The Size Of Their Toys', until I remembered a lyric Paul had written . . ."

"We don't write together," says Paul, "basically as a result of what we were saying before: we see things differently. And I think one of the freedoms that we have at this point is being able to see a song through *totally* the way we want it to be. If we worked together I'd feel a little cheated because Gene's approach is different, and *vice-versa*. I think that makes for a more varied feel to the record, a wider perspective, because we're not just Metal, we're not just rock, we are *ourselves*, and our limitations are only what we impose on ourselves."

ON THE surface, Paul certainly has varied taste in co-writers. Jean Beauvoir, an ex-*Plasmatic*, Desmond Child, *disco* . . . !

"Desmond Child suffered a real slight," says Paul, "because he didn't really write disco – his group just had a hit in America with a disco-type of song. Desmond's just a spectacular writer. And Jean – to say he's played with the Plasmatics is really to sell him quite a bit short."

"She *likes* the Plasmatics!"

Good man, Gene.

"Jean played bass with Gary US Bonds and Little Steven's Disciples of Soul – so they're both multi-faceted writers. And," says Paul, "they're some of the few people I enjoy writing with. I want to throw the ball to someone and have it thrown back at me; I don't want to play by somebody else's rules, this is my ballgame, but I want to find people who are an inspiration to play ball with. I've written with other people and it was just disastrous. It's good chemistry."

They knocked out 'Uh All Night', a real Gary Glitterama, in half an hour between the three of them.

"I don't consciously want to write anthems at this point, but once in a while there's certain songs that just seem to have that chant feel. And . . . if you work all day you've *got* to *uh* all night. That's the payoff. That's what we work for. If you've got to bust your chops in the day it's pretty good to have someone else bust your chops all night."

And if that's sounding too Gene-like from Paul's pouting lips . . .

"Money can't buy the feeling that you get from somebody who's really special, and that's what makes going home even better. We can all get laid and love it but let's draw that fine line between getting laid and having somebody special. Maybe I'm a romantic at heart but to me there's a big difference between the two and money can't buy that."

Well said Paul, well said.

But tell me. How come 'Radar For Love' sounds so much like Zep's 'Black Dog'?

"There's some wonderful people like Willie Dixon and John Lee Hooker, and a lot of people who certainly influenced the people who wrote 'Black Dog'," says Paul. "And if it's a tip of the hat to anybody, I think my heroes . . . at least I have taste!" He laughs. "I don't think there's anything necessarily revolutionary and new under the sun. It's reminiscent of it, sure, who's gonna deny it? But then 'Whole Lotta Love' is a whole lot like 'You Need Love', that old song, who did it – Willie Dixon?"

Paul and Gene co-produced this album – as they'd planned to do on 'Animalize', if Gene hadn't had to take off to do the movie 'Runaway'.

"With Gene being there all the time," says Paul, "it just adds that much more to the chemistry. This time I think the result speaks for itself."

Are there any more Simmons film appearances in the pipeline?

"I was literally going to start one about a month back, and I

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THE ACTION BANK · THE ACTION BANK · THE ACTION BANK ·

PAUL STANLEY

GENE SIMMONS

BRUCE KULICK

ERIC CARR

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just quit three days ago. They were late, and I was afraid that the lateness was going to get in the way of our rehearsals."

A shame. It sounds a good one.

"There was an Englishman in it, George Lazenby, one of the James Bonds, and I was playing two characters – a transvestite/hermaphrodite and a CIA agent, and in the movie we find out it's one and the same person . . ."

Which answers my question as to whether he'd play an unflattering role if he were offered one – a gay old-age-pensioner for example?

"Yes! In a second! I don't care at all about keeping up an attractive public facade. Historically, at least in Kiss, whatever I was onstage may not be classically defined as attractive – the demon form – but s**t! There were certainly enough girls who wanted to f**k that thing! Still, I would like to play some attractive roles as well."

How long did it take his hair to grow back after 'Runaway'? (Sorry, I just *had* to ask).

"Oh, about two weeks."

Was the wig difficult to live with?

"Maybe the question should be, *was* I wearing a wig."

If he wasn't, he should sue the hairdresser.

"I'll think about that."

Funny, though, that it isn't Paul who's up there on the silver screen.

"No," says Paul, "I think we choose our places, and really, honestly, I'm not interested in a lot of the stuff that seems to be offered. Last year there was a new musical on Broadway and it looked like I had the lead role in it". (Gene expresses amazement: "this is news to me . . ."). Paul continues: "I'm not all that eager to do things unless I can do them properly . . . I don't really like to talk about it, I don't like to sell myself. To me it's either put up or shut up. So yes, I want to act, I want to do feature roles, I want to do *all* kinds of things – but in their own time."

ARE THEY working on anything on the side – are there more Wendy O., Keel or Smashed Gladyses out there waiting for the Kiss touch?

"I start a second Keel record in a week," says Gene, "which I'm going to do very quickly – four weeks in the studio and then right into rehearsals and off on tour".

The American Kiss tour.

"The problem with almost anything we want to do – and we've both been offered lots of things – is *time*. Because the most important thing is the band – touring, records, getting laid, the usual good stuff, the *dream*."

"If we're not on tour," says Paul, "and I love touring and seeing all the people in the audience and running around like an idiot onstage and everybody having a good time – if we can't do that, then I like to have some time to myself. So if I'm going to devote time to a band, it'd have to knock me off of my feet, it'd have to be as good as I think *we* are, otherwise I'd rather not do anything. Just because you've got a *Marshall* amp and a great haircut and play loud, that's not enough reason for me to do your record. I'd rather go to Antigua! My idea of adventure is working my way through a Pina Colada."

Isn't it everybody's?

"It's not mine," grunts Gene.

Bruce Kulick is posing for the camera. A nice fellow as well as a good musician I found when we had time for a quick chat before home-time. Originally brought in on brother Bob's recommendation (Bob once auditioned for Kiss; Ace got the job) as a stand-in for the ailing Mark St John, Bruce now looks like being around permanently.

"Bruce is really a charm," says Paul. "We were real lucky, because he's everything to me that Bob is only with a different personality, a little different attitude. He's a joy! It's just worked out so well. I can never see him going anywhere. Hopefully he'll be here as long as I will."

As for Mark's expected return ,

"He was supposed to join us on the European tour and he just never got better. Now he's OK, but besides being a little late Bruce has spent quite a bit of time with us and the chemistry that's developed is not something we will sacrifice. It was just fate, just the way it worked out. Bruce has made tremendous contributions to the album."

So, apparently, has Eric, who's already done his photo session and set off for the airport and pastures warmer. Time too for the rest to clear out. One final word before they go.

"I think when we go out this year we'll be the best we've ever been, the best live band we've ever been, doing the best live show we've ever done, and getting the best girls we've ever gotten. All you ever want is to be the best and do the best," says Paul.

"You put on a guitar," says Gene, "and you turn it up and you have a good time. People are looking for something more profound. The obvious question is, 'Why do you keep on doing this?' And we say, 'Because it's fun!' 'Isn't there anymore?' No! Why do you do *anything*? Why do you want to be with somebody you want to be with? Who do you want to f**k, why do you want to eat, sleep, *live*? Because it's *fun*!"

"If you've got to live by a motto," says Paul, "maybe a good one is: fun is its own reward."

". . . When we go out this year we'll be the best we've ever been, the best live band we've ever been, doing the best live show we've ever done, and getting the best girls we've ever gotten . . ."

IRON JAW

Now that the epic 'World Slavery Tour' has ground to a halt and with a double live album set for imminent release, IRON MAIDEN bassist STEVE HARRIS is taking a well-deserved break from road duties at his home in the wilds of Essex. GEOFF BARTON (words) and ROSS HALFIN (pix) invade his privacy

ALL TRAFFIC around London is at a standstill. Motorway travellers sit bumper-to-bumper, fingers drumming dashboards, daytime radio thrumming out its mindwarp-message, drizzle smearing

acquainted with its speedmobile capabilities. I've only just acquired the car, see, and as yet haven't really had the opportunity to *gun* that engine and *feel* the G-Force ripple my cheeks, pinning me to the back of the cool leather driving seat.

But today, it's just not to be

windscreens with vaseline-sheen.

Main roads are blocked. Side streets are snarled. Shortcuts are choked.

And all around exhaust fumes linger in a shifting, stinking pall, as if some dry ice-demented roadie has comandeered a Moody Blues warehouse and won't rest until the entire capital is knee-deep in smoke-swirl.

It's frustrating, because I'd been looking forward to giving the *DeLorean* (one careless owner, initials AF) a really good run and getting closely

MIND YOU, the journey to pick up Halfin had been painless enough: I'd arrived at his house in such good time I'd barely had a chance to push the choke in. (At least, I *assume* that the lever I'm using *is* the choke; strangely, the 'H' is missing from the mark on the knob and every time I operate it the ashtrays fill up with washing powder! Curious, huh?) Anyway, once the thoughtfully-provided winch had manoeuvred Ross' hulking weight-trained frame past the

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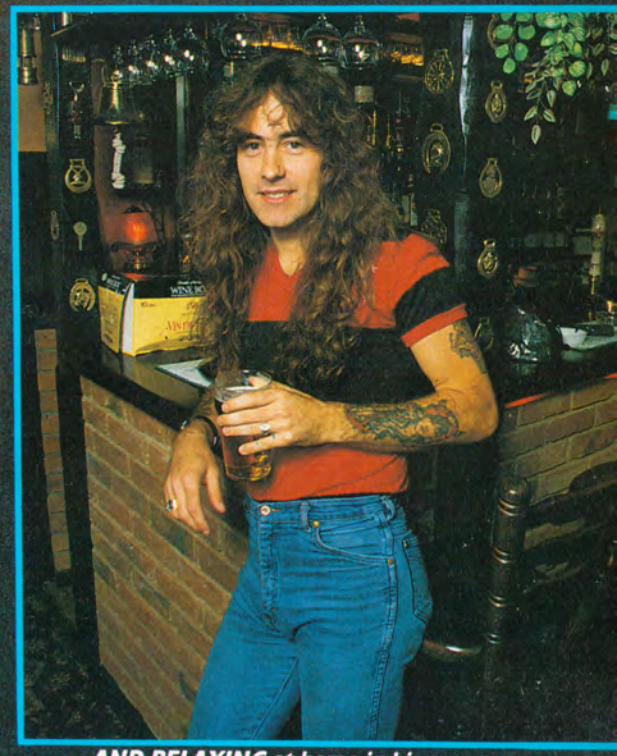
***STEVE HARRIS** in his element on stage . . .*



***. . . . AND RELAXING** at home in his very own custom-built pub!*

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gull-wing door and into passenger position, we were on our way, purring sedately through sleepy Raynes Park and preparing to explode on the open road.

But as soon as we hit the North Circular we stopped dead and my Brands Hatch heroics flew right outta the window. A temper-fraying, temperature-raising two hour tortoise-crawl ensued as we crept chaotically around the traffic-tangled outskirts of London and into the wilds of Essex.

Honestly, I reckon we could've roller-skated there quicker. But I'd foolishly left my street hockey gear at home and anyway, come what may, jam-jar jostlings be damned, I was *determined* to floor that accelerator pedal at least *once* on this journey, *burn* some rubber and *get* that rottin' rev counter needle well and truly *into* the Red Zone!

I KNEW THE opportunity had arrived when, sweaty and dog-tired, we finally pulled up outside the newly-painted white gate. Beyond, I could see that the tree-lined, gloriously vehicle-free private roadway took a gentle turn and then straightened for a distance long enough for the *DeLorean* to nudge, oh, at least 130. I'd no idea how I was gonna stop in time at the end, but I didn't care. I was enthused with an up-over-the-trenches, gung-ho! spirit and nothing, not even a quivering and terrified Halfin, would stand in my way.

So . . . gently does it, at first. Open the gate and edge the car through, sleek lines pulsing, sculpted silver bodywork tensing and muscular. OK . . . take that first bend purposefully but carefully, then align those front wheels and pause for a moment while the thick tyres caress the tarmac. Now . . . wait for the chequered flag,watch out for that speed bump, and . . .

AAAAAAAAGHHHH!

"GEOFF? GEOFF? You feel alright now, Geoff?"

I open my eyes and my vision is blurred. I blink, focus and see Steve Harris standing before me, brandishing a brimming pint of lager.

"Here, get that down yer. You'll feel better in a minute."

As I take a delicate sip of the ice-cool liquid I spot Halfin standing in a corner, giggling inanely at my predicament.

"OK Ross," I splutter, "you can tell me. What happened?"

"Ha!" laughs the cruel-hearted photographer. "It's a good one, this. Catches 'em every time!"

"You know that speed bump at the beginning of our driveway?" explains Harris. "Well, it also serves as a kind of electronic trigger. Ross has been here before, so he knows what to expect. But you . . . well, as soon as you motored over it, it triggered off a giant 'Eddie' head we've hidden in the bushes. It's a relic from one of our old tours. The whole thing lights up and glows and its eyes flash like lasers. We like to surprise our visitors – y'know, really freak 'em out!"

"And the *DeLorean?*" I ask tremblingly, as the full monstrous memory floods back into my shocked 'n' stunned system.

"Wrecked. A write off, I'm afraid. But don't worry – it's the way Ace would've wanted it to go."

STEVE HARRIS at home. 'Arry at 'ome. I enjoy this kind of assignment. In the past I've visited Priest's Rob Halford in his council house in Walsall, Saxon's Biff Byford in his two-up/two-down in Barnsley, Quo's Francis Rossi in his palatial *pied-à-terre* outside of Croydon and, oh . . . the list goes on. It's interesting, seeing the stars relaxing in an environment all thier own; intriguing and slightly, well, *anomalous*, catching 'em away from studio and road pressures with their guards down, enjoying the pure 'n' simple mundanity of family life.

And Harris has a lovely place. Vast, rambling and very, very old, it's set in the heart of the Essex countryside. East London still beckons, it's not *that* far away, but you wouldn't really know it and you hardly notice the distant rumblings of the M11 on the horizon.

Before we settle down for the interview, Harris shows me around. First inside, through a maze of rooms; some high-ceilinged, elaborate and stately; others low and cottagey with oak beams, creaking floorboards and uneven walls. All around are scattered items of Maiden memorabilia, mostly from that classic Egyptian stage set. Osiris' head here, a glittering fibreglass sarcophagus there . . . and surprisingly it all blends in with the overall decor and looks perfectly natural, tasteful and not at all tacky. And yet, by the same token, with sinister security TVs in every corner on the alert for marauding Maiden fanatix, you're never *quite* allowed to forget that this is, first and foremost, a rock 'n' roll abode and that *Debrett's* magazine is hardly likely to be flopping on to the doormat every other month.

The outside. Harris takes me on a tour around the outskirts of his property, following the track he jogs along each morning to keep in trim and, hell, I wish I'd brought my *I-Spy* book and sensible walking shoes, it's almost like a country ramble! We stroll through the woodland and follow the gentle undulation of the one-time moat, now largely filled in with soil and lush grass and very much part of the landscape. Steve proudly points out his football pitch, his tennis court, his heated pool . . .

You may not credit this, but I'm being absolutely hand-on-heart truthful when I say that there's no way this luxury lifestyle 'as gorn to 'Arris' 'ead. Probably more than any other HMer I've ever known, the bassist has remained exactly the same kinda person over the years. Still immensely down-to-earth, friendly and affable, the petulant pretensions of your typecast rich 'n' famous rocker are not so much unknown as completely *alien* to the guy.

Unbelievably, despite the worldwide acclaim his band have fought for and enjoyed, Steve Harris hasn't changed one iota from the wide-eyed young man Ross and I took up to Birmingham to see UFO, oh, a loudness-lifetime ago, back when Maiden had only just begun to burst out of the *Ruskin* and gain recognition. I'll always remember when we took Harris backstage to meet his hero, Pete Way, for the first time and how he was so overwhelmed he was practically speechless. Yeah, a heartwarming moment, one to be treasured . . .

I suppose Harris' secret is that, from late '70s to mid-'80s, from *Kingsbury Bandwagon* to *Long Beach Arena*, he's always managed to remain a pure 'n' simple *fan* of the Metal he plays and purveys. The maniacal music business doesn't hold him in a stranglehold, it's just a part of his life; an important, highly lucrative part *admittedly* . . . but the man isn't controlled or manipulated by it; you get the feeling that it isn't the be-all-and-end-all of his existence. There's lessons to be learned here, cos believe me, that's the only way to be!

We adjourn to the Blue Room to flick through Harris' bulging record collection (I spot the two Silverhead LPs, mucho Nektar and an immense wodge of Genesis discs, both official *and* bootleg) and listen to choice extracts from the Maiden newie 'Live After Death'.

And although Harris must've played and listened to the goddamn toons hundreds – nay, *thousands* – of times, his eyes *still* glint with naive excitement, he *still* silently mouths the lyrics, he *still* mutters things like "Christ! We played that one fast, didn't we?" and you can't help but be caught up in his infectious enthusiasm.

THE INTERVIEW proper takes place in Steve Harris' pub. Yeah, you heard right: his *pub*.

Just off the kitchen, through a plush carpeted corridor, there's a large room decorated in the style of the local boozer and containing a pool table, video games, horse brasses, the lot.

My gaping cake 'ole betrays my amazement, but 'Harry' just chuckles to himself, pulls me another lager, sits on a barstool and waits for me to begin . . .

I was looking through my reference library the other day (a cardboard box containing yellowing press cuttings gathering dust in the loft), trying to work out the last time I actually wrote a full-blown feature on Iron Maiden . . .

"It was in 1980, wasn't it Geoff? Ha! I think my memory's a bit better than yours. End of '80, yeah. We were on the road with Kiss in Europe and you caught up with us in Holland in the town of Leiden, I think – to do a feature for *Sounds*."

Yeah . . . I remember now. But five years ago! It's astonishing.

"That was the first European tour we'd ever done. Prior to that, the only gig we'd played on the Continent was a festival in Belgium with Gillan and Nazareth . . . so, you know, it was a great experience for us. The Kiss audience was tremendous, we went down well practically everywhere and after that we were able to go back and play European headline shows more or less straight away."

Looking back on the Maiden career to date, everything seems to have followed pretty much a smooth, practically predetermined pattern. Success has almost been yours for the asking. And yet, speaking as a battle-hardened veteran from your Bandwagon *days, I don't think I could've possible anticipated the mega-status you've managed to achieve . . .*

"I couldn't have either, y'know! A lot of it was down to us being lucky enough to get on the right tours at the right time, tours that pushed us to the limit when we were young and inexperienced or whatever . .

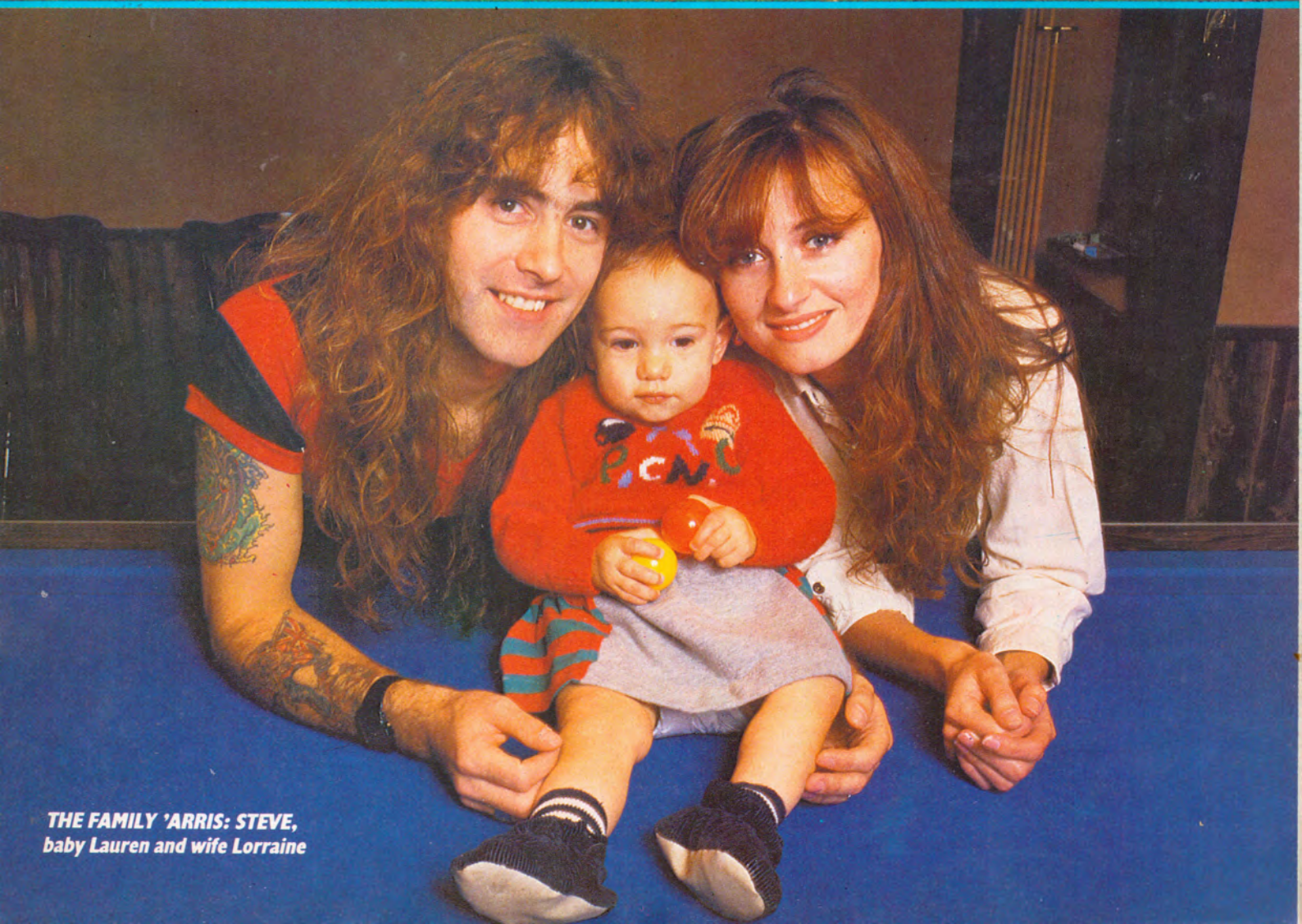
"Like I say, we got the Kiss tour of Europe, then we went out with the likes of Priest and the Scorpions and Rainbow and even .38 Special in the US. All that helped us along."

OK, but surely Iron Maiden aren't where they are today simply because they played support on the right kind of tours?!

"No, but it is important for a young band to get on some good, complementary dates early in their career. Lots of groups go out with bands who just aren't compatible at all, or they go out with an act that has such a hardcore following they

KONTINUES PAGE 32

'EDDIE' AND 'HARRY'
if you want to get ahead, get a head!



THE FAMILY 'ARRIS: STEVE,
baby Lauren and wife Lorraine

JAW

FROM PAGE 30

don't want to know . . . things like that don't do you any good whatsoever. OK, so you always have to work on an audience, which is good for you anyway, but it's shattering for the morale of the band if no matter how hard you try all the kids do is throw things at you. Luckily we've never had that, touch wood and whistle!"

But what, in your estimation, is Iron Maiden's 'Ingredient X', the single most important factor that sets you apart from the other bands?

"I think it's the fact that we really *mean it* live. Basically that's what we're about, a live thing. We always go out and give our all, even if we're not feeling 100% or whatever. And I think the fans can see that, they know we're enjoying ourselves and working damn hard and they . . . well, *respond*. They're not stupid. They know when the group they've paid to see is faking it."

*When you were playing 'Live After Death' to me earlier, I was surprised to see how much you're still into the old numbers, even after all these years. If I was in your position, I'd be bored s**tless with 'em by now . . .*

"No, it's crazy, but I never get sick of them. People often ask me things like, 'You've played 'Iron Maiden' in your set for seven years, don't you get fed up with it?' And, truly, the answer is no. We've got a lot of material now, so to fill a set isn't a problem, but we enjoy the old tunes, we *genuinely* enjoy them! Plus, to a certain extent, you keep numbers in because you know they're audience favourites; but then again, having said that, it's not possible to please all the people all the time. You'll always get fans coming up to you saying, 'Why didn't you play such-and-such a number!' Ha! you've got to leave out certain things, otherwise we'd be playing, like, a four hour set every night. And that's just not on!"

Your songs – both old and new – seem to be getting faster all the time . . .

"It's great if it's fast and it's . . . just on the edge, just on that border where it stays exciting. But if it goes over that edge and becomes frantic then you lose the bollocks of it, it just becomes a wall of noise without the climaxes and subtleties. It just becomes a kinda one level thing. You've got to be careful you don't go over the top."

Is it a problem, when you're playing live and the adrenalin's flowing, to stay 'on the edge'?

"Sometimes when I think we're getting a bit too fast I'll jump up on the drum riser and shout at Nicko and tell him to hold it back a little. But, then again, some nights I've gone up and had a go and told him to let it go because, yeah, it *is* so exciting. So I agree, it is a difficult tightrope to tread."

What do you think of Thrash Metal?

"Well, let me say straight away that I don't think Maiden are a Thrash Metal band. Although we *do* play fast music there's a lot of melody in what we do, melody both musically *and* vocally. A lot of Thrash Metal bands, although many of them are good players, again it's like a one level thing, crash-crash-crash all the way, and there's no ups and downs, no light and shade. Alright, so I'm generalising a great deal here, I don't know . . . maybe if it had a little more melody Thrash Metal would gain more respect."

Have you ever had any Slam Divers at Maiden gigs?

"Any what? Slam Divers – that's a new one! What are they exactly?"

They're demented punters who climb up on stage and then dive straight back into the audience at immense personal risk to life 'n' limb. I hate to boast, but I'm widely regarded as the UK's leading exponent of the burgeoning art form.

"Ah . . . no, I don't think so. Well, maybe a couple of times in the States. Generally speaking the kids just come up and want to touch the band or whatever and then our roadies came on to escort them into the wings. So I don't know, let's see what happens on the next tour, let's see whether this 'Slam Diving' becomes a new thing . . ."

AM I right in thinking that originally you wanted 'Live After Death' to be made up of recordings taken solely from your Hammersmith Odeon shows?

"Yeah, that's right, ideally that's the way I would've liked it because, let's face it, *Hammersmith* is home. We recorded four nights there during October '84 and although we were tight, by the time we played the *Long Beach Arena* in Los Angeles (in March '85) we were tighter *still*. We recorded the LA shows mainly for the video, but when we came to play everything back-to-back it became obvious to us that they were just that *little* bit better than the *Odeon* performances. An outsider probably wouldn't spot it . . . you can call it nit-picking and being over-critical if you like, but we *did* notice and so what we ended up with was three sides from LA and just the one from *Hammersmith Odeon*. A shame, but that's the way it goes."

The double live album is widely regarded as a milestone – indeed, a pinnacle – in any band's career. So where do Maiden go from here?

"If it's a pinnacle – downhill, I suppose! I don't know, I've always felt that the live LP would be *the one* for us; I've been looking forward to something like this for a long while and I know the fans have as well because, as I said before, live is really what Iron Maiden is all about. If I had my way, I would definitely prefer us to do a live album every time . . . you know, go on tour, play mostly new material and then record the thing on one of the last dates when we're bollock tight. The next LP will definitely be a studio effort but, I don't know, maybe we could do something like that in the future . . ."

The concept album seems to be making something of a comeback at the moment, what with that (admittedly dodgy) 'Phenomena' effort, Marillion's 'Misplaced Childhood' and the compellingly pretentious 'Ninth Wave' side of Kate Bush's splendid 'Hounds Of Love' LP. Ever thought of applying yourselves to a kinda 40 minute 'Ancient Mariner'?

"Yeah, I'd love to do a concept album because I'm into that sort of thing anyway – y'know, Genesis and 'Supper's Ready', Nektar and 'Recycled', Jethro Tull and 'Thick As A Brick' . . . that's all great stuff, but I don't know if we'd be able to come up with anything anywhere near as brilliant. You can't just sit down and say, 'Right, I'm going to write a concept album', it's got to be a natural thing where a series of ideas just happens to fall into place. I'll admit that we haven't had too many thoughts about the next album at present, so we'll see how it goes. Maybe it will be a concept LP, who knows?"

You've been off the road for something like six weeks now. How are you finding it, adjusting to life at home?

"Oh, it's great, because I'm getting to do all the things I wouldn't normally have time to do. It might sound boring, but I'm really enjoying painting the house up, feeding the dogs (*two gorgeous Great Danes called Fred and Bert*) and obviously being with the family. I haven't had a chance to live like this for six years and although I'm not complaining, because after all if you want to be part of a successful rock 'n' roll band you've got to work at it, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't enjoying myself at present".

How much more time are you likely to spend at home?

"That's difficult to say, because we haven't had an extended break like this before, so . . . we'll see how it goes. We've got a bit of excitement coming up with the live album being released, but beyond that, I don't know, we'll see what happens. Maybe I'll get into a bit of production or whatever if the right band comes along and Nicko's already phoning me up saying, 'I gotta play! I gotta play!' and he's driving me crazy. So we're clearing out one of the rooms so we can put the gear in and a couple of times each week we'll have everyone down here for a practice session. You've got to keep in trim, you know! And I can sympathise with Nicko's feelings, I really can, because you can be sitting down watching a video of the band, checking things on it and that, and it makes you want to play, it really does! But then again . . . it *doesn't* really make you want to go out on another mammoth tour, if you know what I mean. You want to play, but the prospect of another two months on the road gets you thinking things like, 'Yeah, well, maybe I *do* need some time 'orf' . . ."

Do you see the release of the live LP as the end of an era for Iron Maiden? Next time, will it be like starting from square one again?

"I don't really look at it that way. OK, so we've got the live album, but it doesn't contain all our songs and in the future, after another two or three studio LPs, we'll probably do another one and then maybe numbers like 'Prowler' will get a look-in. So, no, I don't see it as the end of anything in particular, just a continuation of what we've been doing."

So, in the future, can we expect 'Eddie' to keep getting bigger . . . and bigger . . . and bigger?

"I don't know. If he gets any bigger we won't be able to get him into any of the halls! In America he was, like, 20 feet tall. And anyway, bigger isn't always better, is it? We'll have to see . . ."

AND ON that cryptic note we bid Harris *adieu*. He kindly lends us a battered and rusty old *Ford Escort* estate car for the journey home, and as we pull away from the house and judder erratically down the driveway, I look out for 'Eddie's head in the bushes and smile to myself at my earlier stupidity. Fancy being so jumpy and getting scared out of my skin like that!

We pass the smoking ruin of the *DeLorean* but . . . hmm, that's strange, there's no sign of a lurking 'Eddie'. No sign at all.

Half an hour later we hit the motorway and begin bowling back to London. I look in my rear view mirror and, I dunno, how weird, there seems to be something following us. It's not a truck or another car or a coach or anything, it's something that lights up and glows, with eyes that flash like lasers . . .

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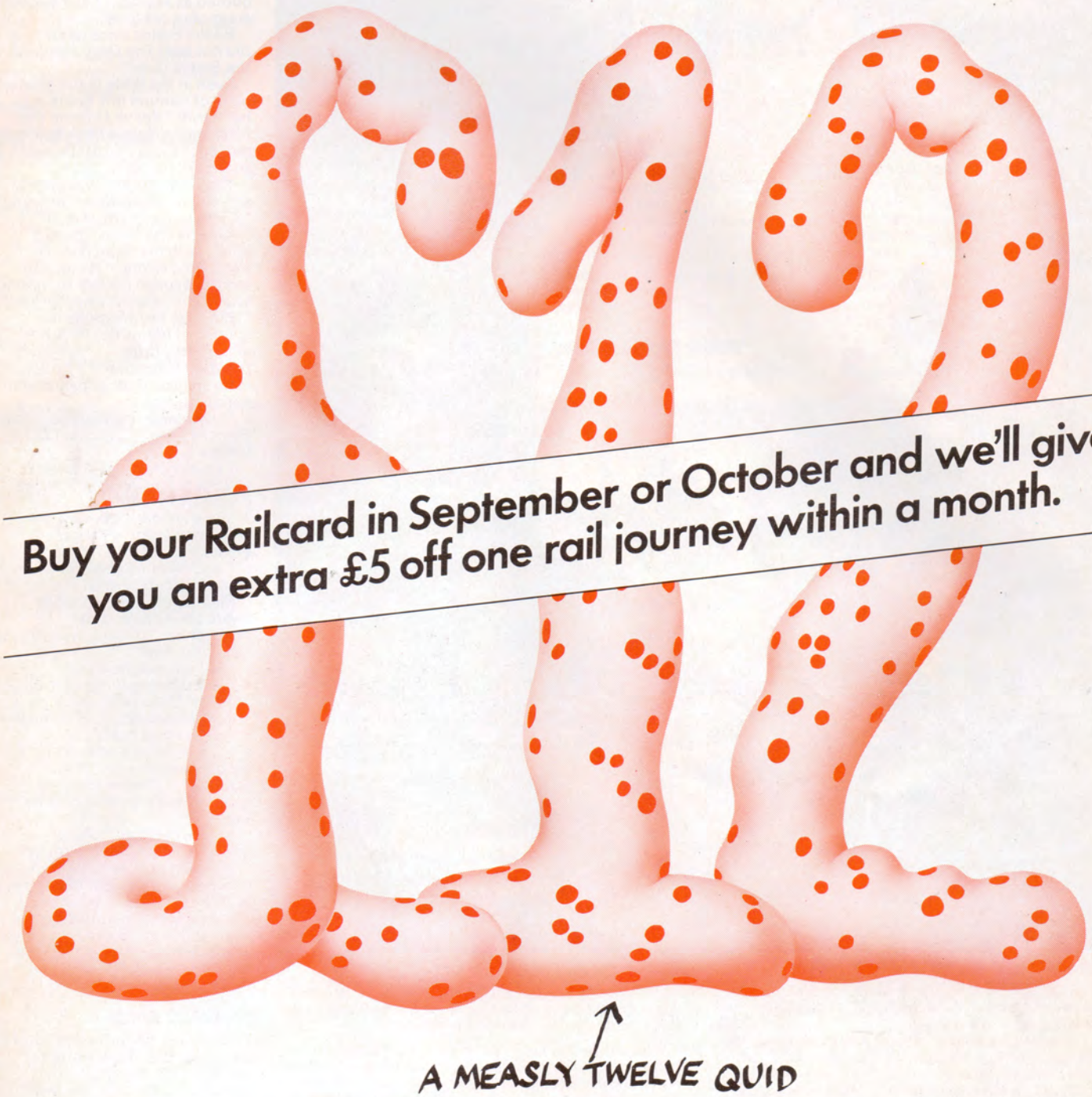

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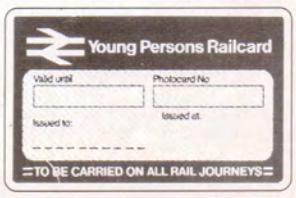

We're getting there

KOMMUNICATION

Say it loud to *Kerrang!*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

LISA DOMINIQUE of Marino The Band: beautifully abysmal (pic Ray Palmer)

MARINO THE BOLLOCKING

THIS LETTER is in praise of Mark Putterford's review of Marino The Band's LP 'Wanna Keep You Satisfied' in issue 102.

I agree with every comment Mark makes about this load of crap. I too saw the band on 'ECT' and have come to the conclusion that they were the worst act on the whole series – and that's saying something, as the standard of the acts that appeared on the programme could, at best, be described as 'abysmal'.

Yet despite this we are frequently assaulted by Marino The Band blurbs proclaiming that the group were an 'ECT' sensation and that their album is brilliant.

Garbage! I just wonder how many copies of this 'brilliant' LP have been sold. I bet Marino's mum and dad have a copy, but that'll be about it.

If I was Marino I'd take up bricklaying or some other form of highly skilled craft. With his gift of the gab he'll go far! ***The President Of The Anti-Marino The Band Movement, Thetford, Norfolk***

MARINO THE BELIEVER

I AM writing in to tell you how disgusted I was by Mark Putterford's review of Marino The Band's LP 'Wanna Keep You Satisfied' in ish 102.

Alright, so '. . . Satisfied' may not be the greatest chunk of vinyl ever, but in my humble view Marino and his cohorts deserve praise, not condemnation. The LP is a completely self-financed project, and as such I think stands up pretty well against similar competition.

And while we're talking of things standing up pretty well, may I just mention that I'm i love with MTB's vocalist, the beautiful, sultry, pr g Lisa Dominique? OK, so the gal may not e have a voice like Pat Benatar's, but as a slin' n' stage temptress she's simply secon . My only complaint is that her stage co ain't . . . well . . . horny enough! Gi r mini-skirts! Gimme fishnet stockir low-cut tops! Gimme . . . LISA DOMIN '
Pete, Maidstone, Kent.

DON'T QUOTE ME

Hello *Kerrang*sters!

I'll bet you didn't know that the scribes of old were fans of the music we all know and love?

For example, Edgar Alan Poe is quoted as saying: "*Let a Sabbath song rave not thus*".

Hilaire Belloc once wrote: "*It did not last! The Devil restored the Status Quo!*"

Even in the Bible in the second book of Samuel this quote is to be found: "*Set ye Uriah in the forefront*". (I know Mick Box is old, but he can't be Methuselah's Grandad, can he?)

The Bard himself was clearly in a Floydian mood when he wrote: "*There is much virtue in 'If'*".

Also he obviously 'loves it loud', as in the 'Merchant Of Venice' he wrote: "*When you were gravelled for lack of matter you might take occasion to Kiss*".

But then he questions the validity of bands like W.A.S.P. and Mötley Crüe . . . "*Is twenty hundred Kisses such a trouble?*"

He speaks of other bands with varied opinion:

"*I am never merry when I hear Sweet music*" ('Merchant Of Venice').

"*To an honoured Triumph strangely furnished*" ('Pericles, Prince Of Tyre').

"*The Venom clamours of a jealous woman*" ('Comedy Of Errors').

"*And by our Sabbath I have sworn*" ('Merchant Of Venice').

Meanwhile, Percy Shelley made plain his musical preference: "*Good, great, joyous, beautiful, Free*".

He then reviewed the Knebworth Knees-Up as follows: "*I heard Mountain's slum'rous voice at intervals, thrill through those roofless halls*".

He described Ritchie's performance thus: "*The Rainbow's glory is shed; its sweet tones are remembered not*".

And to cap it all: "*Purple – starry buds among the sedge*".

So don't be surprised if you see Tennyson at the next Maiden gig, or if Byron's queuing for the bogs at Donington. So long, keep up the good work. **Steve (it's a hippy isn't it?) Hyett, one of 'the Pope's legs' and an avid Chigley fan from Gornal.**

HOWARD WHO?

PLEASE DO *not* print this letter in *Kerrang!*. It is about the letter published in *Kerrang!* 102 concerning the 'Led Zeppelin' reformation, signed by Howard Kemp of Cheshire. I feel that I must point out to you that he did not actually write that letter – he had nothing at all to do with it. It was my mistake to sign that letter using his name, and I regret now that I did. I do not wish him to have to accept any responsibility for that letter whatsoever, and I ask you not to print his name in *Kerrang!* again if that situation arises concerning that letter.

Some *Kerrang!* reader may

wish to reply to that letter, and he/she may write something like '*in reply to Howard Kemp's letter*'. I would be grateful to you if you would rephrase it to something else, anything, but please do not print his name again concerning that particular letter.

If at all possible, I would be grateful if you could inform *Kerrang!* readers that he did not write that letter, because although it's only a remote possibility, a reader may find out his address and write to him directly. I know that is, like I said, only a remote possibility but I do not wish him to be directly involved in this matter because of my stupidity.

I am very sorry for any inconvenience I have caused you. It will not happen again. **Anon.**

BETTER LED THAN DEAD

HAVING JUST read the letters asking Led Zep not to reform in issue 102 I'd like to give my opinion.

I have never seen Led Zeppelin live and would therefore be very pleased if they got back together again. The first time I saw Deep Purple was at Knebworth and I wouldn't have seen them, had they not reformed. I don't care if they did it just for the money, I'm just glad that I got to see such a brilliant band.

Secondly, I have seen both Robert Plant and Jimmy Page (with the Firm) live and although both were very good and better than a lot of groups these days, they weren't quite what I would have expected from two such talented people. As much as I like the new songs I still keep going back to my Led Zeppelin albums. Even if Zep won't reform, perhaps Plant and Page will get a band together again because I'm sure it would be much better than the Plant/Blunt and Rodgers/Page partnerships. **Sue, Fernhill Heath, Worcester.**

RETURN TO CENSOR

A COUNTRY where mugging is a national pastime.

A country with a bad drug problem.

A country with murders on the up.

So do the ladies in the PMRC think that if they censor rock music in America it will solve these problems?!

Hopefully I haven't offended too many people. **Mark Wainwright, Chiswick, London W4.**

THE PITS!

EVERYONE WHO is into heavy rock (call it what you like) is a foul-mouthed, disrespectful, mentally defective, blood-lusting pervert. At least after reading *Kerrang!* for a while I am certainly inclined to think so.

Alright, most of the bad language is blotted out, but everyone knows what is meant. Surely you can describe an album without giving references to the female sex organ or manure? Are most of your writers imbeciles who were employed through the Y.T.S.? Does it ever occur to you that kids actually read your publication, which readily features sado-masochism, gutter-language and pornography? Couldn't you care less?

My father is now convinced that everyone into HR is kinky. One day he picked up one of my *Kerrang!*s and opened the cover to reveal a nude photo of one of those talentless Kiss-copiers from Mötley Crüe. If a female was to appear naked with lettering covering her parts then there would be an influx of letters condemning it as sexist. I had to explain to my father that musical no-hopers like Mötley Crüe, animals like W.A.S.P., Boy Georges of HM like Madam X and kiddies like Slayer are the scum of HM whose records are only bought by immature gullible teenagers. **George.**

MAIDS IN THE SHADE

THE RECENT Saxon gig at the *Manchester Apollo* theatre was the cause of much frustration and no little embarrassment for me and the gang.

Let me explain. Having swooned over the subtle erotica of their album cover, the discovery that Saxon's support band would be Pretty Maids was the cause of much wild-eyed enthusiasm.

Wow, a raunchy female rock band, what a treat! Time to lock oneself in the bathroom for an hour or two, splash on the aftershave, get heavy with the under-arm deoderant, comb the hair (aaugh), and put on your best/worst pair of jeans. Yeah, we were all set for a backstage invasion of D-day proportions.

What a shock we then had. Whilst pressed up against the stage the lights came on to reveal . . . BLOKES! Yeah, a bunch of really funny geezers in spandex pants and tattered T-shirts. Worst of all you couldn't tell a word the vocalist squealed and their attempt to rip-off Accept's axe swinging was awful.

This caused immediate retirement to the Gents to be sick. However, after saying goodbuy to our dinner, we returned to clock Biff and the boys who were magnificent. **Udo and the dangling truncheon, Macclesfield.**

HUGHES AND CRY (1)

WHO THE hell does Gary Moore think he is? Hopefully not a professional interviewee! In his interview in Kerrang! *102, instead of promoting his new LP as one would have expected, he spent the whole time slagging off Glenn Hughes in a childish manner which suggests to me that the bassist/vocalist quit of his own volition and wasn't fired by Moore.*

The taste of sour grapes seemed to drip from each of Moore's (no doubt) exaggerated claims. Moore maintains he didn't want Hughes involved with the 'Phenomena' album for his own good. God, what a big-hearted fella old Gal is! More like Moore was afraid that his own album would be overshadowed. Whether the age of the concept album has gone or not is debatable, but all I know is that 'Phenomena' is an excellent album in its own right, and only strikes me as a concept project in as much as 'Led Zeppelin II' was/is.

Gazza also claims that the version of 'Still The Night' on 'Phenomena' is 'abominable', which is just bollocks. Maybe the guitar solo isn't loud enough for Gary, but the song sounds superb to me. Anyway, Moore has already shown his lack of musical sense by disowning 'Dirty Fingers', which is in fact his best album up to now. I'm not going to say anything about the row over who wrote which songs on Moore's new album 'Run For Cover', except to mention that it's funny how 'Reach For The Sky' sounds just like Hughes/Thrall and totally unlike anything Moore's ever come up with previously . . .

Another of Gal's rather crass comments was that Hughes on his own "couldn't sell out the toilet in the Marquee". Once again I beg to differ, Mr Moore. I sold my ticket for the upcoming 'Run For Cover' tour when I found Hughes had left your band.

I've seen Moore on two previous occasions, and whilst his singing is OK on record, in concert it's very, very average (if not poor) and tends to detract from the fact that the guy is an excellent guitar player.

Moore also claimed Hughes was very difficult to work with. Maybe Gary should look at himself and ask if it is good policy to get a new bassist/singer for his band and then immediately release a single featuring a different one (ie. Phil Lynott). Isn't it rather to be expected that Glenn Hughes was unhappy?

So, just two pieces of advice to Gary Moore; get yourself a singer; and get yourself a more mature approach to doing interviews. ***Tim Summers***

"WOULD YOU care to consume another breakfast Mr Hughes, sir?"

HUGHES AND CRY (2)

DEAR KERRANG!, *I wonder if you would be kind enough to print this. It's a letter to Glenn Hughes.*

Glenn: I would write to you personally but you'd probably throw the letter away like one of your used Mars *bar wrappers, so I've chosen to write to* Kerrang! *regarding your present situation.*

In issue 102 Gary Moore let us into your personal world for a few minutes, and it doesn't sound too good from his point of view, does it? As time goes on I believe you'll have to start asking yourself "When will it all end?".

*I believe Gary when he says you're in need of professional help and I pray somebody will come to the rescue, and fast. Do you want to end up like your dead friend Tommy Bolin, a person who filled his body full of s**t and left us thinking what might have been?*

For God's sake Glenn, screw the nut and get back into shape before you either end up dead or a has-been. Gary talked about you with great respect, it's there in black 'n' white, so stop arguing and recognise people's feelings; people who care for your future!

Your voice and bass playing are a treat to the ears, so don't waste away the talents. You know what you're capable of, so let's get something out on vinyl. Another solo album of soul and rock would be something to look forward to.

*I didn't have to write this letter, but I f**king care. OK?* ***Colin Campbell, Liverpool.***

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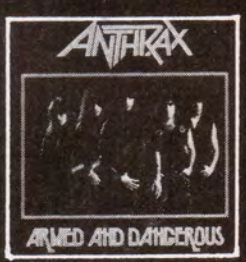

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KICK DOWN THE WALL

It's not enough for rock 'n' roll to be pure escapism, it's time for bands to stand up and be counted. Serious statements from MIAMI STEVE VAN ZANT monitored by a sympathetic MALCOLM DOME

"LOOK, WE'VE all got the right to vote. But what sort of choice do we have at the ballot box? Does it matter who gets in? It's time for a radical change in approach and we, the younger generation, are the people to do this. The future is in *our* hands."

Steven Van Zant (*aka* Little Steven) butts out another cigarette, slips a stare of rare intensity through burrowing mirror shades and pauses to slide a welcoming arctic sip of iced tea between talkatively parched lips. We're sitting in a mid-town Manhattan *café* on a wet Sunday afternoon discussing the raging bull.

The raging bull? Yeah politics, the art of legalised terrorism practised throughout the world by those skilled in the craft of grabbing the horns and riding the hide.

Steven Van Zant, erstwhile member of Bruce Springsteen's E. Street Band, a close friend of 'The Boss' and leader of the superb Disciples Of Soul, has long since established himself as a concerned heat-seeking human, taking public/musical stances that would seem slightly too hot for most.

"I accept that rock 'n' roll must always maintain a certain entertainment value, but we also have to start making statements and taking stands. It's just not good enough anymore to turn up and do a show. My aim is to break the *cliché* of rock purely as escapism without any other value. I try and broaden my songs to educate people to various realities of the world, and whilst I'm happy if fans only want to dance to the music, nonetheless I always hope that they'll take notice of the lyrics.

"Onstage, I also attempt to get across a point of view. I know that making long speeches is likely to be very boring and counter-productive and I accept that the audience might not be in the mood to hear politically motivated raps, but I still feel it's my duty to try. And a lot of fans have come up to me afterwards and said, 'I didn't realise some of the things you were talking about. Thanks for opening my eyes'.

"But I don't want people merely to take what I say as being the gospel. All I'm trying to do is persuade people that what they hear and read through the media may not be the *whole* truth. I'm encouraging them to go and find things out for themselves and if after analysing the situation they disagree with my viewpoint then, well, fair enough. But at least they'll have an *opinion*.

"The American media is worryingly narrow in its presentation of 'news'. Despite the vastness of our country, the majority of the population are still content to get their current affairs from the networked 6 o'clock news which presents the White House line almost *verbatim*. It's frightening."

LITTLE STEVEN: "It's just not good enough any more to turn up and do a show"

NOW WITHOUT a label deal, having parted company with *EMI America*, Steven's currently awaiting the release of 'Sun City', the first record specifically put together to raise money for politically-orientated organisations, a new slant on the charity record idea.

Sun City itself is deep in the burning black heart of South Africa and the scene of race riots in recent times. By taking this step, Steven is not only actively aligning himself with anti-apartheid but taking his cape out to challenge the raging bull.

"I originally wrote this song for my next album. Then I decided to take it out of the LP's context and do it as a separate project. So I slightly altered the words to fit directly with current events in South Africa and had the idea to get one or two people from each musical *genre* to add in their parts."

After a considerable amount of work, use of no less than 12 studios (including *Island* in London, Arthur Baker's *Shakedown* and the *Hit Factory* in New York, plus home studios owned by Pete Townshend and Ringo Starr), the record, co-produced by Van Zant and Baker, appears later this month through the recently-formed *Manhattan* label (distributed by *EMI*).

It comes in a 12" format, containing four versions of the song (including a rap/talking rendition that features a contribution from famed political prisoner Nelson Mandella). Among those myriad musicians who willingly gave support to the project are Peter Gabriel, Townshend, Starr and his son Zak Starkey (currently working with John Entwistle), Bono, Stiv Bator (of the Lords), Mike Monroe, Joey Ramone, Jackson Browne, Miles Davis ("a real coup"), Bob Geldof, Lou Reed, Bobby Womack, Run DMC, Curtis Blow and Springsteen.

"I was amazed at the number of people who called me themselves offering to participate. It really mushroomed way beyond my original intentions and everyone was so aware of the situation in South Africa and concerned to make a statement. In fact, Ringo told me that the Beatles had been asked to tour SA back in '64 and declined because of conditions so the problem isn't a new one for rock.

"I chose *Manhattan* because they seemed prepared to commit a lot of money and resources to the record which delighted me. Of course, being a new company they'll also gain from 'Sun City' through prestige which will stand them in good stead, but at least they're keen on giving it *everything*. I spoke to several other companies who saddened me by their attitude.

"Do you know, I actually had people saying, 'Well, after the success of Live Aid, how can we possibly top that?!' These executives were only looking at things in the light of how much could be gained for *them* by getting involved. To me, it's not a case of trying to outdo Live Aid, this is a separate entity and we're not competing with anyone."

So where does the money raised go?

"Well, there's a little known organisation called the Africa Fund who exist to raise finance to support the families of those politically active blacks who have been imprisoned and also the ones forced into exile. We decided that they'd be a good cause to support. All the money raised will be sent to them and we'll get constant accounting as to exactly how this is used and spent."

DESPITE SUCH assurances, and indeed leaving aside my strong sympathy for the whole project and its *raison d'etre*, I can't help but feel that Van Zant may be opening the way for indirect (*albeit* unwitting) support of terrorist groups committed to the violent overthrow of the existing

regime by any means. And could such a record as this encourage misguided individuals to take similar steps in support of *overtly* anarchic groups such as the IRA?

"To answer your first point, we will be keeping such a close eye on the distribution of funds that I can honestly say, with my hand on heart, that terrorism *won't* benefit from 'Sun City'. As for the second question, well I can't dispute that some people might be motivated to fund-raise in this manner for others, but I don't really think that I can be held responsible for what might happen as a result of this project. The bottom line here, as with Live Aid, is: can it make a difference? I believe we can play a small part and that's good enough for me to remain convinced that what is happening here is correct and proper."

Van Zant isn't a man given to speaking without first thinking through his position and taking care to examine every conceivable angle on the horizon. Therefore, before plunging headlong into the inevitable round of deep-pool interviews and discussions that will surely surround this record, he spent a month in South Africa seeing the situation for himself. His opinion makes a sobering read.

"I went there hoping that a peaceful solution could still be found, and I asked all shades of the black community what they want to see happen action-wise from the outside world. To be frank, they're no longer interested in economic sanctions or music/sports boycotts. The anger and frustration is such that there is no possibility of making moves designed towards getting a fair, just and *peaceful* settlement. The blacks want their freedom and a complete shut-off of Botha's government. There will be a bloodbath in the end, that's now unavoidable. Remember, the black community has put up with countless years of being trodden down by a repressive *regime*. That sort of history must eventually lead to a point of no return. This has now been passed.

"But our concern must be: what do they want from us? All we can do is ensure a total blockade on South Africa and then let things develop as they will. It's not for us to tell the blacks their business.

"It's tragic that things have been allowed to deteriorate to such an extent because a lot of good could be done by a willing South African government in terms of bettering the lives of everyone on the African continent. God knows, SA and its resourses are desperately needed. But now it's all too late.

"One point I found very disturbing is that the white population have no idea of the way events are moving. The media blocks out all overt mention of the riots and therefore misleads the whites into believing that everything's cool. I mean, I spoke to some whites who were puzzled by my questions about black unrest and yet just a ten minute drive from their homes all sorts of heavy s**t was going down.

"But to my mind there's another very pertinent point behind 'Sun City'. You see, the situation in South Africa is merely an exaggeration of the way things are going in the US *and* the UK. Sometimes by looking at an extreme model it makes one realise just how frightening the position is at home. Make no mistake, we are in deep trouble as well and unless something substantial is done quickly then we are heading towards disaster.

"To a large extent I blame American foreign policy for the deterioration in conditions here. We've spent many years and millions of dollars propping up 'puppet *regimes*' in South and Latin America sympathetic to us. Yet, when these rotting governments can't maintain any levels of employment, citizens begin to enter the US illegally to find work and consequently our own employment figures – and thus the economy – takes a pounding.

"At the end of the day, some action has to be taken by us to change the entire system here before it brings us all down. Do you know that in the last US Presidential election the environment wasn't even an *issue*, and two or three campaigns back it was only brought out by the Democrats! So, do Republicans actually breathe different air to Democrats?! The whole two-party system is decayed and bankrupt. It's up to rock musicians to start standing up, to make these points. If we don't begin to take an interest, who will?"

YOU MAY argue with some of Van Zant's statements, but remember this: Steven has spent many years digging for his conception of the truth and formulated his opinions from first-hand experience. On what do you base *your* viewpoint? As far as I'm concerned, Steven Van Zant is a welcome blast of cold-air clarity and the sooner rock music follows his example and uses its oft-hidden capacity for the intelligent presentation of serious subjects then the better it will be for all of us.

There must *always* be room for the Whitesnakes and AC/DCs of this world (thank the Lords of Chaos for such unadulterated, crazed entertainment), but we need a serious side to the smiling mask as well, otherwise the raging bull may well get out of control. Let me know what you think . . . after all this is *your* music.

KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

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SHORT CUTS

reviewed by SYLVIE SIMMONS

THE DAMNED: 'Is It A Dream' (MCA)
Excellent. The best Damned single since their last one. How come they keep getting better? (An unanswerable question along the lines of: why does a country that produces such ugly postage stamps come out with such cool-looking bands as the Damned . . .?) A perfect musical *enchilada,* crisp on the outside, oozing on the inside, especially the nightmary dream-gurgle halfway through sung head-down in spiked *Babycham.*

The 12-inch is many inches superior to the 7-inch, with *four* long cuts on the backside – a live version of 'Street Of Dreams' off the new LP, a different version of 'Curtain Call' and live-from-Woolwich covers of the Sex Pistols' 'Pretty Vacant', singalong stuff, and (though I marginally prefer X's version) the Troggs' 'Wild Thing'. All bands should sound like this!

TORME: 'All Around The World' (Zebra)
I thought Tormé was meant to be a no-talent jerk. God, it's hard keeping up with current opinion! This is great – a big raucous mess of good stuff: all rhythm and yelling and peep-peep signal noises and dirty drums and Max Headroom harmonies. Phil Lewis' somewhat Mott-the-Hoopled vocals and Bernie Tormé's battle-scarred dentist-drill guitars make a real mean team and I like it, I like it. If they can't sound like the Damned all bands should sound like this!

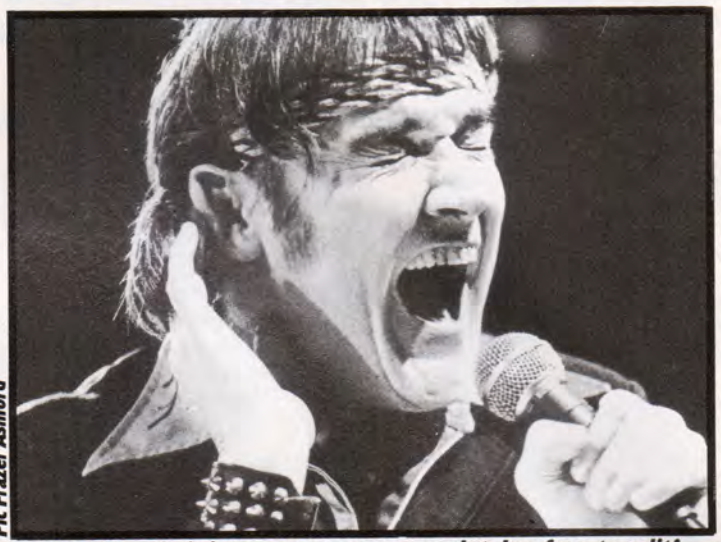
FORGER: 'She's A Liar'/'Hot Love Tonight' (Forger)
I put 'Hot Love Tonight' on first 'cause it said 'AA'. Sounds more like it *needs* the *AA,* talk about clapped-out! Singer Geoff Mega (I lie not; the others are Tobe Röxx, Steve Animal and Ringo Styxx)'s obligatory yell sounds like a budgie falling off its perch.

The other side's a pretty good pop/Metal tune; shame they didn't finish it.

HONEYMOON SUITE: 'Wave Babies' (Warner Brothers)
Could have been this year's Summer hit. If we'd had a Summer.

SUZANNE VEGA: 'Marlene On The Wall' (A&M)
Sounds like it fell off the album and wasn't quite big enough to climb up again. It sounded a lot better where it was. As a single it's too low-key, drifting past your ears leaving only the vaguest blurred memory of its subtly strong vocals and articulate imagery. Best as intimate late-night music, but who wants to put on a single under those circumstances? Get the album.

DEBBIE BONHAM: 'On The Air Tonight' (Carrere)
I'd have liked to have heard Debbie's velvet tonsils wrap themselves around a more substantial song. This one's a bit on the sedate side for my taste, plays it just a bit too safe. Like the chorus – catchy enough, with its pretty harmonies, but it begs, grovels, yells out for a gloriously over-the-top production, a Jim Steinman Special or some-such, to yank it from the middle of the road. A classy, attractive voice though; the singer outdoes the song.



Pic Frazer Ashford

PJ PROBY: pain is intense as trousers resolutely refuse to split!

SILHOUETTE: 'Make The Most Of It' (Spirit)
Rita Hamer, who judging by the photo could make a fortune standing-in for Vince Neil if they send him down, sounds like Kim Carnes after a sulphuric acid mouthwash. But once your ears get over the shock, your brain starts sending you happy signals. This is very good. Pop/Metal of the sort Meat Loaf would probably do, almost schmaltzy keyboards with a big rousing build-up to an all-join-in chorus, instantly catchy. And when Rita yells it's so rough-edged it files your fingernails at 100 paces.

LOVE AND ROCKETS: 'If There's A Heaven Above' (Beggars Banquet)
This is one of those records that *sounds* so good it doesn't matter what it sounds like, if you know what I mean. Nowhere near as intense as Danny Ash, David J and Kevin Haskin's old band, Bauhaus, it sparkles and shimmers with rhythms and keyboards and harmonies – fascinating stuff, like nothing I've heard in a long time.

And then there's the B-side, a fab instrumental sounding like a disco knife-murder in an Arab bathhouse with a football crowd looking on.

THE REMAYNS: 'Why'/'Going All The Way'/'Go Ahead'/'Just Like Me' (Bam Caruso)
What with the regurgitated-tomato-and-watercress-soup-coloured psychedelic vinyl and the time-machine Tardis effect, it makes you feel quite *straaaaange* . . . (chew this page for ten minutes for similar effect). Comforting stuff, though, in an age when half the records come with drum machines and guitar machines and machine machines – real genuine jangly piercing axework and far-out mumbled vocals. Four fine melodies too on this debut EP, with more nods than one of those animals in a car's back window to the Byrds, the Searchers and the Kinks.

THE FUZZTONES: 'She's Wicked' (ABC)
Less purist and more grungy than the Remayns but every bit as f**ked up. Such a garage band that you start feeling carbon monoxide poisoning by the end of *Side One.* Unfortunately, 'She's Wicked' isn't wicked enough – too much like Munsters Metal. I like everything about them but their songs.

JOHN WAITE: 'Every Step Of The Way' (EMI America)
Excuse me while I swoon. No-holds-barred seduction stuff – a beautiful, totally engaging melody dripping with soft-focus tenderness and quietly-intense melancholy and WHO SAID 'WIMP'?! SHOW YOURSELF, SIR! Waite is to plaintive ballads what Blackie is to chainsaw codpieces – the biggest, the best, the most brilliant, the most dangerous (as anyone who ever curled up and died listening to him sing 'Isn't It Time' with the Babys can attest to). You want to put this record on again as soon as it's finished, or *I* do anyway. Three minutes of magic. Classic pop-rock tune, eviscerating vocals. All singles that can't sound like the Damned and Tormé should sound like this!

TYSONDOG: 'Shoot To Kill'/'Changeling'/'Hammerhead'/'Back To The Bullet' (Neat)
More workmanlike than a construction site, real tough, no-nonsense, veins-in-the-teeth he-man stuff, especially the bullet-speed 'Shoot To Kill' and 'Changeling' with its borrowed Motörhead riff. Best flourishes on otherwise pretty basic stuff: the erupting-volcano ending to the first track and the whirling dervish guitar solo on the last.

PJ PROBY: 'Tainted Love'/'Shake A Bum' (Savoy Humungus)
The song Soft Cell made a hit gagged and chained and tortured in some leatherette-lined sewer deep below the earth's epidermis. Single of singles! Sounds like a motorway pile-up in Hell! The band just goes for it, and ageing, wrinkled PJ, one-time pigeon-chested pant-splitting darling of your mum and her mum, sounds gloriously bad and sleazy, filthy vocals squeezed through a little black hole blinking into the light. As he says on *Side One*: "It's a nasty world."

The backside, if you'll pardon the expression, doesn't live up to the hopeful title.

BALAAM AND THE ANGEL: 'Day And Night' (Chapter 22)
Much poppier than the rest of the Cult/Spear Of Destiny/Sisters Of Mercy lot they seem to get bunched in with, this is one of those deceptively simple tunes that worms its way into your brain and takes up squatters' rights.

LOU REED: 'September Song' (A&M)
The first single from a fascinating-sounding album tribute to Kurt Weill (which will feature Sting, Tom Waits, Van Dyke Parks and Marianne Faithfull, among others) is a gorgeous Lou Reed track – romantic, if not the tortured love-as-blood-transfusion romance of 'Pale Blue Eyes'. Lovely stuff – backed with Aaron Neville of the Neville Brothers' gospelly 'O Heavenly Salvation'. Nice one.

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We Belong To The Night

DEREK OLIVER analyses the HM *Savoir Faire* of SAVATAGE

IF THERE is a light in the black then I'd like to think it's called Savatage. Heavy Metal warriors, unyielding champions of tyrannical Metallic destruction, beasts of vicious Metal domination . . . you label it kid, these dudes have got all the bases fully covered.

But that's not to suggest that this lethal power-Metal quartet are by any means another loose salute to the monster raving Black Metal party as led by the likes of Venom, Mercyful Fate (Rest In Pieces), Abattoir and, heaven forbid, the Blood! No way! Make way for a mint-fresh, gold from dirt, direct-line creation that takes a bite from masterblasters Purple, Zep, Judas Priest and . . . well, Angel Witch!

And is the music that different?

"Well, we like to think that our songs tell stories," pipes Savatage bassist Keith Collins into my roving hand-held microphone. "It's like we're into images, dreams, the creation of wild ideas, things like that."

It's easy to believe him, too. A quick scan of the band's repertoire will reveal such monumental titles as 'Necrophilia', 'Visions', 'City Beneath The Surface' and 'Fountain Of Youth'. Pompous, perhaps? They think not, preferring to cite the strength of their music as an additional 'plus' factor; an indication of their heaviness as opposed to the lightweight musical tedium of technobores like Yes and Rush. They sound intriguing, let's dig deeper . . . like history?

A LONG story, but here's an idiot's guide: at the tail end of 1978 brothers Jon (vocals) and Cris Oliva (guitars, and absolutely no relation to yours truly!) form Metropolis in Tampa Bay, Florida. The band lasts a year and then changes name to Avatar with the addition of Steve Wacholz (drums) and Collins. They get to release an EP, 'City Beneath The Surface', on Par Records to a cool reception and settle for a name change to Savatage for their debut and mucho collectable 'Sirens' LP. A much better affair, it gets kind reviews, some even glowing (see Mal Dome's appraisal, way back in ish 51). Next thing they know, after playing live dates with Shooting Star, Billy Thorpe and the brilliant Zebra, Atlantic Records come a-sniffing and, natch, contracts are exchanged.

"It's a great label," snorts Jon Oliva in his decidedly deep tones (quite the opposite, in fact, to his singing voice). "Just look who they've had on their books – bands like Zeppelin, Foreigner and Ratt. They know about hard rock more than anyone."

And as if to support his confidence Jon points to their debut Atlantic LP, the highly inflammable 'Power Of The Night' opus, a milestone in guitar strangulation.

Produced by master sausage twiddler Max Norman (the pilot-in-chief of releases by Trash, Coney Hatch, Ozzy and Y&T) at Bearsville Studios (used by Foghat), 'POTN' is a kamikaze vinyl holocaust of the mightiest calibre.

*"Max is the f**kin' greatest, man," enthuses Jon, adjusting his pleats. "He was so into arranging and adding ideas, we learnt such a lot."*

How's the LP doing?

"Great! We had advance orders for 15,000 even before it was released and the import sales to Europe have been pretty high, too."

Atlantic, obviously monitoring the situation carefully, have just released the LP in Europe, a little late perhaps but still deserved nonetheless.

TOURING? They've just finished a massive co-headlining tour of the States with rhythm kings Rogue Male and Illusion and an investigatory tour of Europe is also on the cards but, as yet, no firm plans have been fixed. Next certain stop, however, is the recording of their next LP, possibly working once again with Max Norman.

"It'll be a continuation and an improvement, no doubt about that," says Keith. "We'll certainly be keeping it heavy and we've got some great ideas for the songs, real vivid stuff."

Dream on, dream on.

SAVATAGE: "We're into images, dreams, the creation of wild ideas, things like that . . ."

■ **ALDO NOVA** issues his third album, '**Twitch**', through the *Portrait* label in the US on October 17. Co-produced by Nova and **Lenny Petze**, it features a guest vocal appearance from **Fiona** on one track.

■ **AUTOGRAPH** HAVE just released their second album on the *RCA* label in the US. Titled '**That's The Stuff**', it was produced by the band at the *Record Plant Studios* in Los Angeles. The full track listing is:

Side One: '**That's The Stuff**', '**Take No Prisoners**', '**Blondes In Black Cars**' (just put out as a single), '**You'll Get Over It**' and '**Crazy World**'.

Side Two: '**Six String Fever**', '**Changing Man**', '**Hammerhead**', '**Built For Speed**' and '**Paint This Town**'.

■ PHOENIX ACT **Icon** have just issued their second album, '**Night Of The Crime**', through the *Capitol* label in the US. Produced by **Eddie Kramer**/mixed by **Ron Nevison** it has the following track listing:

Side One: '**Naked Eye**', '**Missing**', '**Danger Calling**', '**Shot At My Heart**' and '**Out For Blood**'.

Side Two: '**Raise The Hammer**', '**Frozen Tears**', '**The Whites Of Their Eyes**', '**Hungry For Love**', and '**Rock My Radio**'.

■ *EMI* HAVE just issued the following albums in the mid-priced *Fame* series: '**The Raven**' (**Stranglers**),'**24 Carat Purple**' (**Deep Purple**), '**Hall Of The Mountain Grill**' (**Hawkwind**), '**Ready An' Willing**' (**Whitesnake**) and '**The Psychomodo**' (**Cockney Rebel**).

■ *POLYDOR* HAVE just re-issued the '**Are You Experienced**' and '**The Cry Of Love**' albums by the **Jimi Hendrix Experience.**

■ *MUSIC FOR NATIONS* have just issued **Metallica**'s '**Ride The Lightning**' album in compact disc form.

■ SAN FRANCISCO act **Ruffians** have just released their debut, self-titled album on the *Victory* label. Produced by **Paul Zahl** at *Studio D* in Sausalito, California it has the following track listing:

Side One: '**Fight For Your Life**', '**Wasteland**' and '**Bad Boys Cut Loose**'.

Side Two: '**Run For Cover**', '**Eyes Of Fire**' and '**You're All I Need**'.

The outfit's line-up is **Carl Albert** (lead vocals), **Craig Behrhorst/Chris Atchison** (guitars/backing vocals), **Dan Houra** (bass) and **Luke Bowman** (drums).

■ MICHIGAN QUINTET **Steel Vengeance** issue their debut album, '**Call Off The Dogs**', through *Black Dragon* in the UK/Europe during mid-October. The outfit's line-up is **Scott Carlson** (lead vocals), **Bob Lindstrom** (lead guitar), **Michael Wickstrom** (guitar), **Steve Cavalier** (bass) and **Andy Anderson** (drums).

■ NEW YORK act **Triffid** have just released a four-track EP on the *Neon* label in the US. Titled '**Invasion**', it was produced by the band at *Conception Recorders* in New York and has the following track listing:

Side One: '**Inside Out**' and '**Jolly Roger**'.

Side Two: '**By The Light of Love**' and '**Danger**'.

The band's line-up is **Jon Chiara** (lead vocals), **Alan Payette** (guitar/backing vocals), **Joe Von Stetina** (drums) and **Dan Farnach** (bass/backing vocals).

■CALIFORNIAN ACT **Tyrant** have just issued their debut album, '**Legions Of The Dead**', through the *Roadrunner* label in the UK. Co-produced by the band and **Bill Metoyer** it has the following track listing:

Side One: '**Warriors Of Metal**', '**Fall Into The Hands Of Evil**', '**The Battle Of Armageddon**' and '**Legions Of The Dead**'.

Side Two: '**Tyrant Revelation**', '**Listen To The Preacher**', '**Knights Of Darkness**', '**Thru The Nite**', '**Sacrificer**' and '**Time Is Running Low**'.

The band have also shot a live video titled '**Legions Of The Dead – Live**'.

■ FRENCH ACT **Der Kaiser** issue their second album, '**La Griffe De L'Empire**' ('**Mark Of The Empire**'), through *Devil's Records/Madrigal France* during November.

The outfit's line-up is **Claude** (lead vocals), **Beno/P'tit Tchong** (guitars), **Thierry** (bass/backing vocals) and **Philippe** (drums).

■**HEAVEN** HAVE just released their latest album through the *CBS* label in the US. Titled '**Knockin' On Heaven's Door**', it was produced by **Paul O'Neil** in New York and has the following track listing:

Side One: '**Show On The Road**', '**Wink Of An Eye**', '**Knockin' On Heaven's Door**' (a cover of the **Bob Dylan** song) and '**No Turning Back**'.

Side Two: '**Last Laugh**', '**Burn**', '**Keep The Fire**', '**Without Your Love**' and '**Nowhere To Run**'.

■ **THE RAMPANT EGÖS** are presently rehearsing at an undisclosed bombsite before beginning work on a 12" three-track single for release later this decade on *My Bloody Label.*

■ **MOLLY HATCHET** (guitarist **Dave Hlubek** above) issue a double live album through the *Epic* label in the US during mid-November. Titled '**Double Trouble Live**', it was recorded in Dallas and Jacksonville earlier this year and was co-produced by **Pat Armstrong** and **Andy de Ganahl**. The full track listing is:

Side One: '**Whiskey Man**', '**Bounty Hunter**', '**Gator Country**' and '**Flirtin' With Disaster**'.

Side Two: '**Stone In Your Heart**', '**Satisfied Man**', '**Bloody Reunion**' and '**Boogie No More**'.

Side Three: '**Freebird**' (a rendition of the **Lynyrd Skynyrd** classic), '**Walk On The Side Of The Angels**' and '**Walk With You**' (the last two songs are both new compositions. The former is likely to be released as a single in late October).

Side Four: '**Dreams I'll Never See**', '**Edge Of Sundown**' (a live version of a track originally recorded by lead vocalist **Danny Joe Brown** on his self-titled solo album), '**Fall Of The Peacemakers**' and '**Beatin' The Odds**'.

THE LONG RYDERS, who have just released a single titled '**Looking For Lewis And Clarke**' on the *Zippo* label, play the following UK dates: Aberdeen Victoria October 4, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 5, Edinburgh Queens Hall 6, Nottingham Rock City 7, Sheffield University 8, Manchester International 11, Birmingham Powerhouse 14, Liverpool University 16, Leeds University 17, Newcastle University 19, Bristol Studio 20, Brighton Top Rank 21, Leicester Polytechnic 23, Guildford Civic Hall 28, Norwich University Of East Anglia 30, London Hammersmith Palais 31.

TORMÉ have added the following dates to their UK tour: Guildford Royal October 2, Liverpool Royal Court Theatre 11, Glasgow Mayfair 13, Peterborough Keys Theatre 15.

BALAAM & THE ANGEL have added the following dates to their UK tour: London Clarendon Ballroom October 25, Oxford Polytechnic 30. The band have also switched their show in Liverpool on October 3 from Krackers to Sizzlers.

LINDISFARNE embark on their tenth anniversary Christmas tour with the following dates, scheduled for the month of December: Leeds University 6, Oxford Apollo 7, Cardiff St David's Hall 8, Sheffield City Hall 9, Nottingham Royal Centre 10/11, Lincoln Ritz 12, Portsmouth Guildhall 13, Newport Centre 14, Manchester Apollo 15, Leicester De Monfort Hall 16, Bradford St Georges Hall 17, Newcastle City Hall 18-24, Harrogate Centre 27/28, Birmingham Odeon 29, London Hammersmith Odeon 30.

THE ALARM (above) will be playing the following dates during December: Liverpool Royal Court Theatre 8, Leicester De Montfort Hall 9, Sheffield City Hall 10, Birmingham Odeon 12, Newcastle City Hall 13, London Hammersmith Odeon 15/16, Southampton Gaumont 18, Cardiff St. David's Hall 19, Manchester Apollo 20, Edinburgh Playhouse 22, Glasgow Barrowlands 23.

Tickets for all venues are on sale now, priced between £4 and £5.

The band release their second album, '**Strength**', through *IRS* (distributed by *MCA*) on October 14. Produced by **Mike Howlett** in London, it has the following track listing:

Side One: '**Knife Edge**', '**Strength**' (this has just been put out as a seven inch/12" single with '**Majority**' on the flip of both and an extra cut, '**Absolute Reality – An Impromptu Acoustic Rendering**', on the latter), '**Dawn Chorus**' and '**The Spirit of '76**'.

Side Two: '**Deeside**', '**Father To Son**', '**Only The Thunder**', '**The Day The Ravens Left The Towers**', and '**Walk Forever By Your Side**'.

THE PROMISE play Camden Dingwalls on October 2.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS play London Marquee Club October 2, Salisbury Arts Centre 3, Runcorn Cherry Tree 9, Croydon Cartoon Club 13, Merthyr Tydfil Welsh Custom Bike Show 19, Woolwich Tramshed 24, Hereford Market Tavern 25, Peebles Cross Keys Hotel 26.

HAZE have added the following dates to their UK tour: York Cross Keys Hotel October 3, Derby Rockhouse 4, Stockport Manchester Arms 12, Dunstable Wheatsheaf 16, Oxford Penny Farthing 17, Basildon Roundacre 18, London Bow Pearly King 19, Northampton Old Five Bells 20, Harwick Park Pavilion 26, East Ham Ruskin Arms 27, Birmingham MCCR Club 31, Norwich Whites November 1.

SILHOUETTE play Keighley Gooseye Bar October 11/12, Northwich Martin Leisure Centre 13, Blackpool Belle Vue Hotel 15, Tyne & Wear North Biddick Social Club 18, Newcastle Heaton Buffs Club 20, Sunderland Downhill Social Club 21, Sheffield Swallows Nest 23, Dunoon Holyloch American Submarine Base 24/25, Montrose RAF Edsell November 1/2, Sheffield Firth Park Social Club 3, Portsmouth Whale Island HMS Excellent 5, Bordon Prince Phillip's Barracks 6, Lee-On-Solent HMS Beadelus 7, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Mount Pleasant Social Club 8, Blackpool Belle Vue Hotel 12, Portsmouth HMS Nelson Victory Club 13, Runcorn Cherry Tree 15, Thurnscoe Coronation Club 16, Barnsley Kendray WMC 17, Sheffield Darnell Social Club 18, Greater Manchester Tyldesley Labour Club 23.

DEF LEPPARD manager **Peter 'Diplomat' Mensch** (who also handles affairs for **Dokken**, **Metallica** and **Armored Saint**) has once again been showing the correct manner for winning friends and influencing people.

When contacted recently by a member of the *Ad Lib* gossip column team from the London evening paper *The Standard* to get his comments on attempts by certain factions in the US to get certification stickers put on rock albums (see issue 102 for full details), the grate (*sic*) legend had this to say: "Whoever gave you my telephone number is going to die. Blood is going to be spread for this."

Now that's clearly the way to treat legitimate calls from the media anxious to gain expert opinion. Well done, Pete!

IT WAS a secret gig on a stolen night and it went something like this: **Marillion** at the *Marquee Club* in Soho, London, the night before the official UK concert tour was due to kick off with three nights at the *Hammersmith Odeon*. Three weeks of UK dates and then another three nights at the *Hammersmith Odeon*, only . . . Well, by now anyone with half a set of balls knows that the tour got cancelled at the eleventh hour due to the entirely rotten and unstable state of lead singer **Fish**'s larynx.

By late afternoon on the Tuesday of the intended *Marquee* show – scheduled for Marillion Fan Club members only – the talk was even along the lines of cancelling the this appearance as well.

"We were thinking about blowing out this one too," said Fish from the tiny *Marquee* stage that night, "but then we said, 'F**k it', and here we are . . . This is The Hit Single!" he cried and the band plunged into 'Kayleigh'.

Suddenly, there it is. 450 voices, ours too, taking over where the vocal mainman can't keep up. That's right, it didn't matter about the voice – *we* supplied the vocals. And how! Next up was 'The Web'. . . . more singing, more drinking, more screams; 'Lavender' to follow; then 'Script For A Jester's Beer' and out, out, out with Marillion's own hoary version of **Bowie**'s '72 moonstomper 'The Jean Genie'.

Applause? Applause? What's that?

We felt the goddamn Earth move, we swear.

Backstage there were various **Maiden**-ites: **Dave 'Glasses' Murray**, **Nicko McBrain**, **Rod Smallwood** . . . Fish and girlfriend, band members and girlfriends, band members and wives, journalists and journalists, beer to beer and smoke to smoke. A hell of a scene, a great night. No tour till January, but we don't care . . . don't worry boys, we'll, be waiting . . .

KATE BUSH, renowned recluse from Reigate (well, nearly), recently held a major London lig-*cum*-playback for the album 'Hounds Of Love' at the *Laserium*.

Naturellement, the *Kerrang!* lecher squad (well, at least some of us) turned up to ogle the gal. Among the hordes were **'Krusher'**, **Judge Wall**, **Glove Puppet Dickson** and **'Pronto' Palmer**.

Needless to say, there was mucho imbibing and the *K!* team indulged in all manner of antics, which included the Judge spraying several rows of besuited press gentry with lager from a fizzed-up kan.

However, the 'highlight' of the evening came when the ever-polite Mr. Joule introduced himself to *Radio One* veteran **John Walters** and enquired why recent editions of his weekly review of the music papers (on the **Janice Long** programme every Thursday evening) hadn't included the mighty *Kerrang!*, once (it seemed) the darling of Walters' script. To 'Krusher's surprise, the portly man replied with a virulent diatribe to the effect that: "What do you want me to talk about then, big tits and coming over big tits?!"

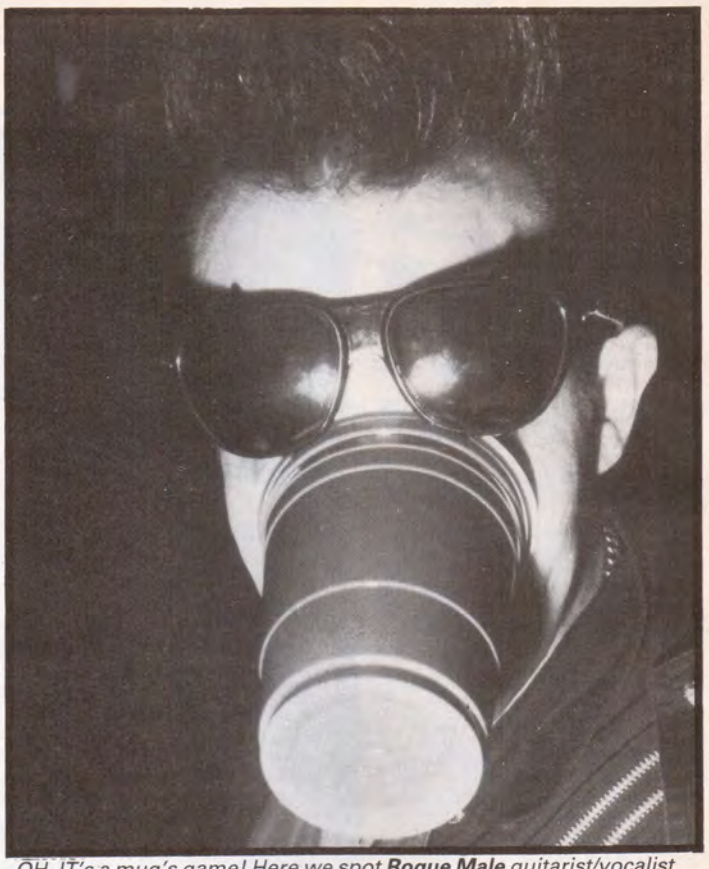
BELATED CONGRATULATIONS to *Kerrang!* snapper **Robert Ellis** and his wife **Stella** on the birth of a bouncing baby boy, **James**, and also to publicist **Simon Porter** (the man who tries to keep **Motörhead**, **Girlschool** and **Venom** in order) on his recent marriage at Gretna Green, in front of a congregation of 300 tourists, to **Christine**.

FOLLOWING HIS 'huge' success in nearly persuading a few people to see him perform at *Wembley Arena* recently, **Robot Planet** held a backstage lig, attended by such luminaries as **James Patrick Page** and **Jeffrey Beck**.

Also in evidence were *Kerrang!* snapper **Ross Halfin** and his 'china plate' (mate) **Toots Daley**. In a fit of mischievious mirth, Daley approached and requested the magus' permission for Halfin to snap a quick roll of film taking in the guitarist's lethargic visage. Needless to say, Jimbo's reply was typically erudite: "F**k off!"

Undaunted, Daley then proceeded to ask Pagey if he was suffering from rabies, the in**Firm** axeman having been spotted dribbling at the mouth in an alarmingly uncontrollable fashion.

In rather a different manner, *el* Planet was exceptionally friendly to both Halfin and Toots, even grabbing hold of Page so that the portly photographer could get a piccie of the one-time **Zeps** together (see *Koncerts*, page 49 for graphic evidence).



*OH, IT's a mug's game! Here we spot **Rogue Male** guitarist/vocalist **Jim Lyttle** attempting to emulate famous* icognito *poses from the **Kiss** katalogue. Note the extreme lengths to which the mighty moth has gone to cover up his rather mottled visage. Hey, what we at* VFTB *would like to know is: how far does his konk extend into that mug?!*

WHILST MOST sane people were getting high on the hog at Castle Donington, Kerrang!*'s very own **Dr. Watson**, **Paul Suterstar**, was engaged in a mercilessly secret mission across in Germany.*

The grate (sic) *man (?) was flown over to* Hermes Studio *in Kamen to hear a playback of the latest album from **Axe Victims** at the expense of the band themselves, who were obviously keen to bend the ears responsible for launching **Lee Aaron**, **Tahnee Cain**, **Ann Boleyn** and other such mega-monsters.*

Here we see el *Suterstar, complete with star-encrusted shades and particularly natty T-shirt, attempting to mimick 'Rock Star Pose No. 47' from **Dave Dickson**'s recently published manual on all-round mega-prattishness.*

*Oh, by the way, the group of rather bemused persons standing around desperately trying to work out what the hell's goin' on are the band plus engineer **Glen Pocorni** (sitting on the extreme right) and music publisher **Michael Kramer** (standing third from left).*

PAIN AND PLEASURE

MOTLEY CRUE
Madison Square Garden, New York

THIS WAS the first time the Crüe had headlined at Madison Square Garden (though they had supported Ozzy Osbourne there previously), and the fact that tickets were sold out added fuel to the fire of anticipation raging amongst the New York area Metalheads. In radio interviews earlier in the day, the band's bassist, main songwriter and founder Nikki Sixx had tempted those fans with promises of a fantastic stage set that had to be seen to be believed: no details, you had to come out and see for yourself.

So it was no surprise to find the streets leading up to the Garden packed with rock fans decked out in their best Metal fashions, waving their fists in the air and in a definite party mood. Beer cans littered the stairs into the arena, and guards at the entrances warned ticket holders to remove all studded belts and bracelets before entering the portals. Security was tight and no-one was admitted without a ticket.

Touts were hawking last minute seats and seemed to be doing a lively business, along with T-shirt vendors inside the hall (charging 15 dollars for an officially sanctioned item) and bootleggers outside. Except for those seats directly behind the stage, it appeared that the concert was indeed sold out as announced.

As the lights dimmed, teenage couples proudly showed off their matching (torn) T-shirts and booed an announcement which came over the address system. During support band Loudness' set, certain members of the audience had set off firecrackers that were loud enough to convince me they were M80s; an unidentified male voice sneered that: "One of Mötley Crüe's friends has just had his face blown up by a firecracker. If anyone sees someone setting one off, turn him in. We won't take this s**t!"

The obligatory smoke then filled the stage and the opening strains started up, almost drowned out by a huge ovation from the crowd. A folded-up contraption began to open, revealing the figure of vocalist Vince Neil and reminding me of a similar stunt Mick Jagger had pulled in the same hall several years ago on a Rolling Stones tour. The band broke into 'Looks That Kill' and the frontman began his colourful, not to mention mobile, stage antics, twirling the mikestand over his head and causing the multi-hued strips of material hanging from the stand to swirl and glow in the lights. Needless to say, the crowd were on their feet and standing on the chairs from the word go, screaming their favourable response.

On either side of the stage stood 10 foot high platforms and Neil ran up the stairs to proudly perch on one or the other several times during the evening, mikestand in tow. Explosive fireworks signalled the end of the opening number and continued to add flare and drama throughout the show, certainly one of the best pyrotechnic displays I have ever seen in concert.

HIS LONG blond hair flying about, Neil pointedly asked the audience: "How many nasty girls are out there tonight?", to which even the 12-year-old sitting in front of me raised a fist in answer. Guitarist Mick Mars was in rare form, wowing the crowd by playing his instrument behind his head and waving the neck around like a machine gun, rapidly 'firing' at the audience during 'Use It Or Lose it,' the first track aired from the Crüe's new 'Theatre Of Pain' LP.

From the opening chords of 'Shout At The Devil', the next song up, the audience were waving their fists to the sky, yelling "Shout! Shout! Shout!" as firecrackers shot off into the air. Then it was on with 'Fight For Your Rights', another new album number, and 'Ten Seconds To Love', introduced by Neil as "One of the sleazier sex songs", and "I wanna hear some screams out there!"

After old, first LP fave 'Piece Of Your Action' came the closest thing to a Mötley Crüe ballad, 'Home Sweet Home', with the stage bathed in purple light and smoke, and the audience a mass of lit matches and lighters, rather like a night sky dotted with stars – a very pretty sight indeed. I overheard a comment next to me that it sounded like a remake of an old Alice Cooper song, but you couldn't tell the fans in the Garden that . . .

During 'Red Hot' the stage exploded and was lit up by bright flames shooting out of strategically placed flash-pots. The band must have spent a lot of hours on their stage choreography, ensuring that they don't end up in the wrong place at the wrong time and hence get blown to bits, and the entire spectacle certainly didn't go unappreciated by the crowd who urged the boyz on through 'Keep Your Eye On The Money' to the highlight of the show – at least for me.

Mars, Neil and Sixx abandoned the boards, leaving Tommy Lee alone high up on his drum riser, the entire platform moving forward towards the front of the stage. From where I was sitting I could see that he was securely strapped down by means of a seatbelt-like contraption and an ominous looking harness, which prompted someone to comment on who the driver of the rig might be, but it soon became clear why the need for precautions . . .

Slowly, the back of the riser began to levitate upwards, and before long Lee was tilted at an 80-degree angle to the stage – almost at a right angle to the floor! – but he just kept on playing as though this were perfectly normal, and you can use your imagination as to what the audience reaction to this stunt was. A brilliant piece of staging, really. The funniest thing for yours truly sitting in the cheap seats behind the stage, however, was being able to look down into the drum riser box where two technicians stood desperately covering their ears and wincing in pain at the high decibel sound! The Crüe proved that they do indeed play 'Louder Than Hell'.

When Neil came back out on stage, he led the band into 'Too Young To Fall In Love', a definite crowd pleaser, and then demanded to know: "How many crazy motherf**kers are here tonight?", the cue for Nikki and Co to launch themselves into 'Knock 'Em Dead, Kid' and then 'Live Wire', an apt description of the four.

The show ended with 'Smokin' In The Boys Room' and as expected the stage filled with smoke once again as the entire arena joined in to make the song sound like one big singalong. There was a final bang – nine of them in succession, in fact – but the crowd were not satisfied and stomped and whistled until the band returned for an encore. They were greeted by Neil with a cry of "You party animals!" and kept dancing through 'City Boy Blues', 'Helter Skelter' and 'Jailhouse Rock'. The electricity was high enough to light an entire village, and certainly charged up those who were lucky enough to be in attendance.

AFTER THE event, the record company (Elektra) threw a huge bash for the band and press in a private loft, the likes of which I haven't seen in a long, long time. Several real and would-be rock stars were in attendance, as well as industry hangers-on who just looked like they should have been on a stage somewhere. Jay Jay French, Thor, Adam Bomb and Mark Goodman (of MTV) were all spotted enjoying themselves and chatting to press and industry people between mouthfuls of free food and drink. The theme was taken from the Crüe's 'Theatre Of Pain' package and two clowns roamed through the crowd performing balancing tricks with guests' full drink glasses and applying face make-up to willing (or passed out) patrons.

A disconnected electric chair stood in one corner, bathed in a spotlight and set up in front of two rows of viewing seats, while at the other end of the room there was a floor-rack encrusted with nails (with the heads sawn off to prevent any real infliction of pain), a mini-gallows, a hangman's noose and a smoking cauldron, all of which served as an obstacle course for photographers and TV crews.

All in all, it was a super-charged evening, giving testimony to the fact that when your record is hot and in the charts there's always a crowd of well-wishers waiting to pat you on the back and carry you through the throng.

IDA S. LANGSAM

MORE REVIEWS OVER PAGE

VINCE NEIL: super-charged!

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

GARY MOORE
Playhouse, Edinburgh

AS A pebble in the bubbling stream of his solo career, Gary Moore remains rock-solid in his dedication and application while the fluid talents of many respected visitors have splashed around him and floated away. Indeed, of Gal's current (ouch!) team of Bob Daisley (bass), Gary Ferguson (drums) and Neil 'Rambo' Carter (keyboards/guitar/vocals), only the latter stood by his side when he last toured here two years ago.

But this is, after all, a *solo* project for Moore, and it's a tribute to his incredible natural ability that no matter who he works with the result is invariably 'thumbs up'. Here in kilt country at the outset of his latest UK trek, I found him coping with the microphone and the spotlight with more confidence than ever before, leading his men purposefully and setting the show alight with some frighteningly fiery finger work-outs. It didn't really matter who was behind him, how many lights'n'flashbombs there were, what kind of elaborate stage-set was used (in this case, a very smart one), Moore was outstanding, and his guitar playing, at times, quite staggering.

And yet about him is a wax-tight band of experience and expertise. You can't fault Daisley and Ferguson, and 'Rambo' Carter – looking sweet and virginal (and "like Joan Collins" – Ross Halfin) in a long white silky number and an off-the-shoulder vest – is invaluable, especially as he is handling far more of the vocal duties now and consequently allowing Gary some useful breathing-space.

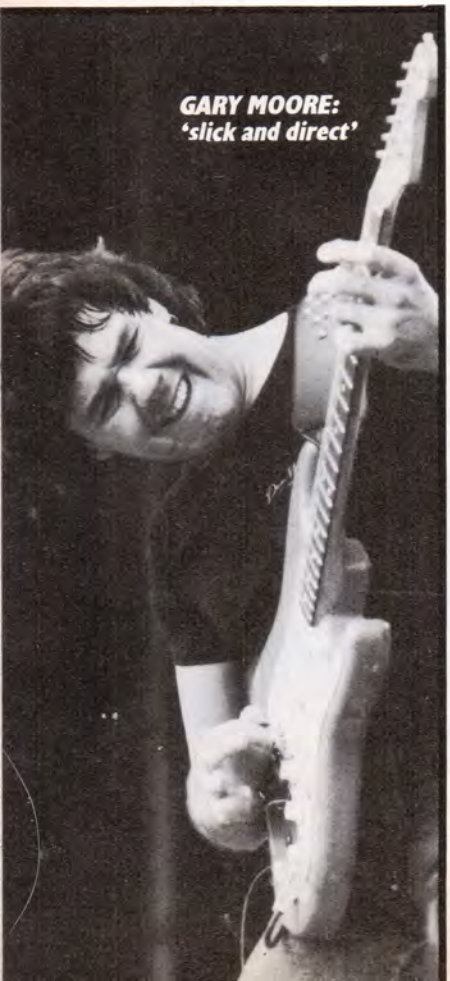
But, inevitably, Moore dominates what is essentially a slick and direct show. Clad in a blue trench-coat, skin-tight jeans and baseball boots, he tags on to the line of his recorded work but frequently whizzes off here'n'there to improvise with devastating effect, twisting and turning, whipping his head around in ecstacy as he tickles his G-string, and occasionally striding to the front of the stage with guitar perched on the inside of his thigh to wrench out another blinding solo.

This is the form for the likes of 'Run For Cover', 'Reach For The Sky', 'Murder In The Skies' and 'Shapes Of Things' (Moore's ten-times-better cover of ye olde Yardbirds thang), peaking in an orgy of string-thrashing on a platform above the drum-kit after a particularly impressive 'Victims Of The Future'.

For many modern rock guitarists, the speed of Moore's fingers alone would be enough to satisfy egos, but as the slow'n'sleazy 'Cold Hearted' and the startlingly beautiful 'Empty Rooms' proved, this Belfast Boy's playing isn't all blurred fingers and flashing plectrums – it has real depth. 'Empty Rooms', complemented perfectly by some marvellous lights and backdrops, was a highlight of this show for me.

'End Of The World', 'Nothing To Lose', 'Out In The Fields', 'All Messed Up' and 'Rockin' And Rollin'' ensured an encore if nothing else did, and the result was the storming 'Back On The Streets' and the ever-green 'Parisienne Walkways'. In a way, this was an apt manner in which to end the show for it presented Gary Moore delivering a song which is also recognised for the contribution of another, in a fashion which proved conclusively that he's doing very well on his own, thank you.

MARK PUTTERFORD



GARY MOORE:
'slick and direct'

THE BLOOD
Marquee, London

MOVE OVER Rogue Male, cos here come THE BLOOD! Forget the 'Shelf Side' chanting "There's only one Graham Rambo!" cos what we had here down the ol' sweat-box was far more violent. I mean, we're talkin' *'Friday The 13th Part 6'* live onstage!

Yessiree, the Blood have gotta be the sickest band around at the moment; why even noted scribe Gal Bushwacked let the occasion get the better of him as he cruised the back bar trying to cadge free pints of 'Lager Top' by 'freatening unsuspecting 'Billies' wiv a pair of garden hedge cutters!

Cindy Jackson, Russell's 'plus-one' for the evening, meanwhile, went completely over-the-top and down the other side by 'alf-inching the aforementioned Bushwacked's shears and making a bee-line for the stage where she proceeded to cut lead singer Bill Sykes' knob off, I kid you not! Gawd, it was a sickening sight! There was blood *(groan!-Ed.)* everywhere. Still, it seemed to work, cos our Bill now started singing in a much higher register.

So what about the music? I hear you cry. Well, let's just call it 'Chainsaw Rock'. The thing about the Blood that makes them so appealling is their 'don't give a f**k' attitude to the way they approach each song (if that's the right word!). For some mad reason the nearest comparison I can think of is da Doors. This is mainly due to the very eerie keyboards supplied by Brian. And backing up these weird sounds are the chainsaw-riffin' guitar and the death-march drumming.

And then, of course there's the lunatic antics of lead singer Bill Sykes; believe me, this man is a hoot to watch. The manic leers Sykes pulls would have any normal sane human being running out of the *Marquee* screaming his or her 'Uncle Ned' off. But the Blood's audience here tonight wasn't normal by any stretch of the imagination; what we had here was punks, skins, Metalheads and even a gorgeous nun who started stripping.

Yeah, if you've got a warped sense of humour like I have and are into the ridiculous, then the chances are you're gonna love the Blood. I eagerly await the next 'Full Moon'. Now can someone tell me why they were booked into the *Marquee* on 'Monday The 9th'?

XAVIER RUSSELL

ROBERT PLANT
Wembley Arena, London

WHEN THE prickly aura of a legend enters an arena long before its human embodiment, the feeling of excitement and expectation is hard to dispel. The fact that this artist was here to harvest the strange-tasting crops of three rather inaccessible solo albums was almost irrelevant, or so it seemed, as many of the people in attendance tonight were just here to see *him*: to re-acquaint themselves with a figure-head from their hazy youth, or to finally introduce themselves to the source of intriguing eulogistical comment.

The Past: Robert Plant is one of rock's immortal heroes. His name speckles the history of rock music like a jewel and conjures up the very essence of Seventies' overblown power and glory. It's a name which has crept into the '80s rather more sedately, but still commands the utmost respect. It's a name which everyone, including my deaf next-door-neighbour, has heard of. I had a feeling that Plant only had to come onstage in flared jeans and a shirt open to the waist to trigger rapturous applause.

The Present: But he didn't, of course. Looking smart and classy, but rather more *petit* than his big, macho, rock'n'roll legend would have us believe, Plant appeared through the smoke to let us know he was 'In The Mood', and as the mist thinned, he stood at the apex of his band, of his current musical whim, to portray this new phase in his career.

Around him, the stage had been styled for maximum slickness into wooden-looking slopes with two parallel risers for the impressive instrument barricades of drummer Ritchie Hayward and key-man Jezz Woodroffe, and trap-doors for roadies to supply the frequent changes of guitar. While hovering precariously above it was the magnificent, mechanised lighting rig which dazzled throughout with its computerised fairy-lights and breath-taking, colourful sequences. Beneath stood the scraggy, Keith Richards-like Paul Martinez, who contrasts sharply with 'Man At C&A' guitarist Robbie Blunt, and with an uncanny looseness which occasionally hinted at incongruity, the band weaved through their set.

'Pledge Pin', 'Pink & Black', 'Little By Little', 'Burning Down One Side','Too Loud'. . . Plant expressed his latest fancies with the help of various gal singers who made random appearances throughout 'Pink & Black' so Bob could do his Meat Loaf bit, and who reappeared during his current fave, the very weird 'Too Loud', dressed in white and standing almost motionless under flashing ultra-violet lights. And as if aiming to baffle us beyond comprehension, another white-coated wench came shuffling on halfway through the number to read from a clip-board, before Bob went through his robotic *'Trumpton'* routine with her. Hmm.

The Past: But despite his new-fangled showmanship, Plant can't help but slip into all his old traits – the quick, side-stepping shuffle, the exaggerated pouting of the lips, the hands-on-hips posing and the suggestive groin-thrusting are all enacted, and with his familiar orgiastic bursts of moaning and screaming, it's clear he still loves playing the sex symbol. Not that there's anything wrong in it, of course, but the prancing and posing didn't quite fit the music like it did ten years ago and at times looked completely out of place.

The Present: But, minor grumbles aside, this was an impressive, if overlong and ultimately tiring, show from Plant and friends. It continued with a loud and unnecessary keyboard solo (of strange noises) which led us into 'Thru With The Two Step' and 'Messing With The Mekon' before 'Slow Dancer' – a 'Kashmir' for the Eighties – had the band bristling with power. Robbie Blunt, coming out of his shell to frolic in the playground of improvisation, sounded twice the guitarist he is on record and played like a prince tonight.

The Past: Returning for an encore, a huge curtain revealed a neon 'Honey Drippers' logo, and with three gal singers in Fifties' garb and a four-man loony brass section chipping in on the fun, Plant acknowledged his roots (ouch!) with old r'n'b'n'rock'n'roll numbers like 'Young Boy Blues', 'Sea Of Love' and 'Honey Hush' in a colourful celebration of nostalgia. It sure was a nice surprise – a much-needed break of light refreshment – and the highlight of the show for me.

The Present: Back after ear-splitting applause with 'Like I've Never Been Gone' and 'Big Log', Plant returned once more to create a cacophonous, unidentifiable row. But by now I'd had enough and made tracks, having enjoyed the bulk of the show but still puzzling over whether I'm a Robert Plant fan or not. For me, his legend is one thing, his current material another.

The Future? I'd like to see him again some time.

MARK PUTTERFORD

***ROBERT PLANT** onstage: 'still loves playing the sex symbol . . .'*

Pix Ross Halfin

. . . and offstage, giving encouragement to a new up-and-coming guitarist.

EVERYTHING'S GONE GREEN

MALCOLM DOME reports from The Day On The Green in San Francisco, a rock festival of such mega-proportions it even puts events like Castle Donington in the shade. All pix by ROBERT ELLIS

THE DAY ON THE GREEN FESTIVAL
Oakland Coliseum, San Francisco

'Some people drink to excess. But I'll drink to anything' – San Francisco T-shirt slogan

'I may not go down in history. But I'll go down on your little sister' – San Francisco T-shirt slogan

BOREDOM IS rather like posture springing. It adapts and slithers according to circumstances, constantly flailing the dust clouds of reason.

Numbed by a monstrous 11 hour-plus flight from London, Doc Doom arrived in San Francisco with his armour-plated skin drawn taut through dehydration and that near-infamous stiletto tongue blunted by the stoney pangs of exhaustion.

Even sitting up on the top level of a *Pan Am* clipper dipper doesn't exactly allow for a spot of Stretch Johnston. It's merely a case of strapping on the boogie-toothie riff rack, donning some black inkspot eyes and gritting two coats of enamel finish on a half-cooked carcass.

Oh me, oh my, who'd live a life in the sky . . .

"What are ya here for?"

The immigration officer at SF is a might overweight on the gut front, but does seem to have an unemployment problem of epidemic proportions between the ears.

"Oh, I work for *Kerrang!*, a rock music paper, and I'm over to cover the *Day On The Green Festival*, featuring the Scorpions and Ratt."

Blanksville.

"I've never heard of 'em. Are they anything like Michael Jackson?"

A DAY later I smile at the memory. Maybe it's the effect of an overactive *saki* condition caused by many hours of oral injections at Nikko's. Perhaps it was the sun beating several shades of whiplash burns out of my poor white English skin. Or the overwhelming opulence of arriving at the *Oakland Stadium* in a supine limousine, but . . . well, I can't help but smile at the fading brown edges of the previous 24 hours. Ah well . . .

I'd been warned, of course. Both St. Sylvie and the Bourbon Baron, veterans of previous *DOTG* close encounters, had been lavish in their praise of the Festival and its organisation, but the first-hand buzz was still a surprise.

Backstage, the facilities were a tearful joy to behold. Each band had their own neatly appointed caravan with room to swing a full bottle of *Smirnoff* and entertain any passing chicks anxious to have their feathers tweaked. Set in two parallel lines, the gypsy moth vehicles were bordered on one side by extensive food/boozin' facilities and on the other by the stylishly constructed entrance. Balloons billowed gently in the breeze, whilst everyone trod through the deep-pile Higgins-style green baize.

Heaven? It certainly showed up the *Castle Donington* organisation for the bedlam alehouse it undoubtedly is. But then again, this *is* America and whatever else you wanna say about the Yanks, they sure know about turning nails and planks into silver linings. Maybe the immigrations officer should have dragged along his stagnant feet and dipped them in this particular pond. C'mon, can't you see the resemblance between Rudy Schenker and Michael 'Whacko' Jacko?! Ah well . . .

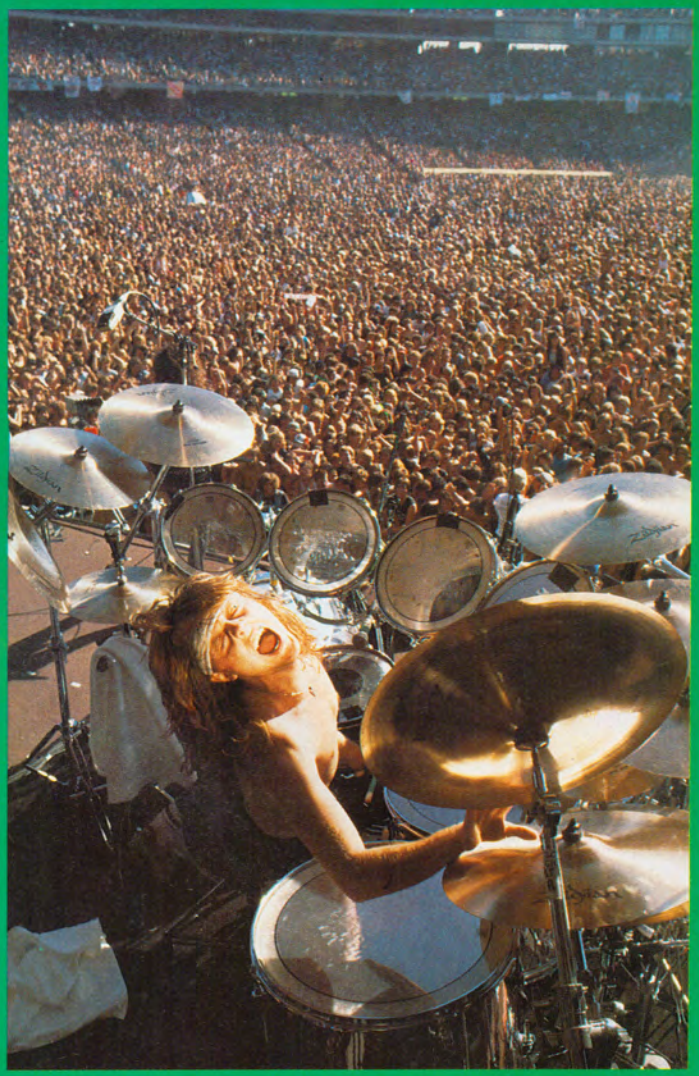
First band to tickle the sunlight are **Victory**, comprising an Englishman (guitarist John Lockton, who abandoned Blighty a couple of years back for New York after a brief liaison with Wild Horses), an American (lead vocalist Charlie Huhn, of Nugent/Gazza Moore framed fame) and three Germans. The boyzz are managed, at least in part, by *CCC* (also responsible for the Scorpions), have a useful album out on the *Epic* label and are still learning their artsy craft.

Whilst not exactly storming the gates of desire, nonetheless Victory contrive to come over as

KONTINUES PAGE 53

YNGWIE MALMSTEEN: Bach-ing up the wrong tree

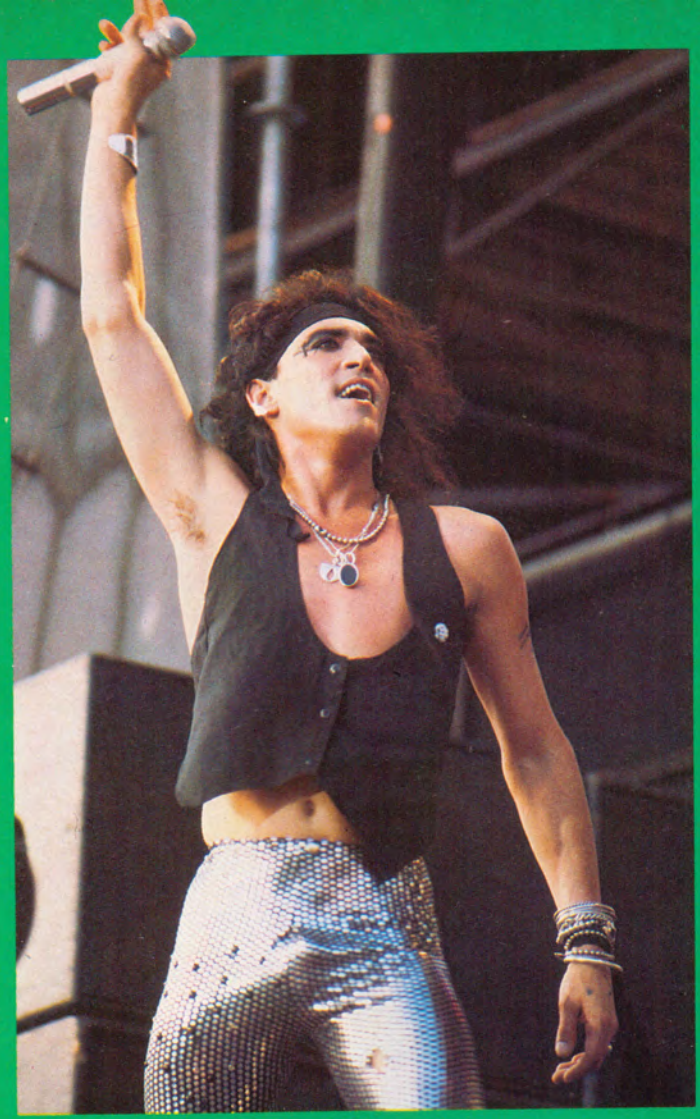
CHARLIE HUHN: 'Victory' is his . . .



LARS ULRICH: 'Metallic' KO . . .

Y&T: armoured and dangerous!

SAMMY HAGAR: the 'hair' to Dave Lee Roth's throne



STEPHEN PEARCY of Ratt: volatile vermin!

THE SCORPIONS: we've heard of Flying Vs, but this is ridiculous!

GREEN

FROM PAGE 50

a comfortable stadia act. The baseball pitch (this is the home of the A's) is already full of body burgers all jostling for a prime-cut view and they're appreciative of the opening band's urgent attempts at ingesting some party snorts. Beginning proceedings with 'Are You Ready' (a new number), they press their collective noses hard into a pile of goodly material such as 'The Hunter', 'On The Run' and the hysterical meat rack mania of 'Chicks On Display'. Yeah, despite sound problems, Victory did themselves no harm at all. A band to watch, I reckon.

BY NOW (mid-afternoon), the backstage entrance is awash with mouth ulcer types desperate for stickered admission. Most won't make it beyond the fenced perimeter, but tradition demands the attempt must be made. It's a ritualistic slaughter that the security men thrive on, a chance to flex cut-down biceps, massage cut-price egos and exercise cut-throat authority.

I observe such elephantine behaviour with a mixture of amusement and distaste and decide to try another, more lubricating mixture – vodka and . . . vodka! I'm in need of something loose 'n' liquid cos the next act up on the boards is **Rising Force Featuring Yngwie Malmsteen**. Now, despite being rather less than suffocated by the boys at their recent *Marquee* date and having a disdainful attitude towards their brace of *Polysnore* albums, nonetheless with a sense of duty bordering on that obviously felt by the captain of the Titanic as he stood foresquare on the deck of the sinking monument, I ambled forth into reviewing battle.

Let me *précis* my opinion with the undeniable facts that: (1) The band have a strong knot of support across the trunk of the States. (2) They were well received (3) Yngwie, whatever his reputation as a person, is a fine technician with an obvious expertise in interpreting Bach-style classical *fugues*. But . . . I wanted to hear some *songs*. I was desperate to gain some *emotional input* from the music. I wanted to sense a *band*, not a band*wagon*. On none of these fronts was I fulfilled.

Rising Force is no more than a convenient vehicle for the Swedish ex-Alcatrazz hero. He has yet to grasp the realisation that, whilst fretboard pyromania can gain you a reputation, nonetheless what counts at the end of the cloudburst is a combination of tuneful songs and earnest energy. I wonder what the immigration officer would have made of it all! Ah well . . .

Backstage, those mouth ulcers who'd gained entry were festering all over the recently arrived Sammy Hagar. Sporting a haircut that looked like a thick coating of kettle fur, he was busy denying a rumoured desire to join Van Halen. But what does *that* mean? Is he gonna join the Roth-less Halens in a newly monickered outfit? Is he planning to knock the idea on the head? I mean, what the merry bells has he been doing in the studio with Eddie, Michael and Alex?! Roasting ferrets? Electing a new president for the Dave Lee Roth Preservation Society? Give us a break Sammy, not all of us are *that* dumb . . .

Ah well, at least there's nothing convoluted about strawberry dacqueris or **Metallica**. You swallow both with rapid gulps and . . . well, what you taste is what you get. The SF ruffians go onstage with dosed, waistrel faces, doused denims and matt-finish T-shirts. It's loud, fast and aggressive music, perfect fare after the overloaded pre-eminence of Malmsteen *et al*. As musos Messrs. Ulrich, Hammett, Hetfield and Burton are a long way off *Carnegie Hall* and a penguin-suited podium, but then no-one at *DOTG* had come to see Ashkenazy or Duprée and Metallica fitted into the speckled break admirably. They do have some spectacular songs ('Four Horsemen', 'Seek And Destroy', you know the type) and all are played with a purging vigour.

There's room somewhere around the top for this band if they can play those tarot cards in their possession with a modicum of foresight and devious intent. And whilst I worry about exactly how the band intend to mature and open out their appeal whilst holding on to the hardcore, on the day, Metallica were fun, pure 80° fun, OK?

Y&T HAVE changed quite considerably since the 'Mean Streak' tour of the UK in late '83. On that occasion, they seemed like a band whose best work ('Earthquake' – Ha! Ha!) was well under their canine belts and who'd gotten a little too fat on the proceeds. Flab doesn't make for great rock. But here were the boys looking tanned, semi-lean, coiffeured and, yes, rather stylish. Even Leonard Haze, a man who has made a profession out of looking rather like an Italian waiter on a day outing to Bognar, has began to resemble a 'rock star'. Tee hee, are we about to see Y&T unmask and turn the corner into the rock/pop medium?!

I had no illusions about the quartet's set. It was, I thought, gonna be yet one more tedious reminder that Y&T were playing too much in the 'Y' square. However, Meniketti's Mounties sparkled and drove down exhibition alley with the sort of dynamism and panache I've never previously seen from 'em. Tracks such as '25 Hours A Day', 'Forever', 'Summertime Girls' and 'Mean Streak' really did have a bullseye range and fired-up tensile strength long missing, presumed dead.

The crowd's reception for Y&T was truly the surprise of the day, bordering as it did on hysteria. Following on from this, most bands would have had a spot or two of bother, some even falling victim to a veritable outbreak of acne. But then **Ratt** are not in the category of 'most bands'. They represent true class. Back at the *Castle Donington* bash they had pleasantly surprised me with the manner and style in which they coped under difficult conditions. In San Fran it was almost like being on home turf, for not only do they come from just down the coast (a mere accent's throw away) but they've also succeeded in making the entire country a large oyster for their pearly wares.

Ratt stand, for me, second only to the Scorpions as the finest example of hard rockin' heat-seekers currently blazing on the planet. Tight, fit an' jivin' they enmesh into a seamless unit. The guitars of Crosby and DeMartini provide the masterblast, the former laying on the gruel with thickening chords, whilst the latter indulges in a gaunt display of lead feed.

Behind them, drummer Bobby Blotzer raises up the spectre of Errol Flynn leading the charge of the light brigade, all bravura and frightening stir-crazy intensity, and bassist Juan Croucier swings and feints across the stage, flaring nostrils whilst southpaw punching those heavy strings. Yet, what holds the fiery instrumentation together and fuels the growing flames of the Ratt-a-tatt is lead vocalist Stephen 'Virginia Lake' Pearcy. Rather like oil running fingers of light down a *Castrol* can, this man is smooth. In fact, I'm sure he was born in tick-tack shades preening to his snipped reflection in a placental mirror. This man's got a rock 'n' roll attitude and, despite possessing a voice with all the consistency of a rusting door bolt rasping into place, presents every song with a mesmeric charisma.

Ratt showed here that their rise to the zenith of the atomic pile is neither a fluke nor transient. And they've already built up a repertoire of magnificent *songs*, from the serpentine shuffle of 'Round And Round' to the pugilistic blows of 'Lay It Down' and the waxed positron melody of 'You're In Love'. Add in the mean teen denaturing beat of 'Sweet Cheater', 'You Think You're Tough' *etc* and you'll quickly realise that there's more, far more, to these rolling rodents than a smear of *Dulux*, a daub of swagger and a taint of marketing.

Forget about those Aerosmith comparisons, Ratt are in charge of their own eyeballed destiny.

BUT FOR all the power and acclaim vigorously earnt by Ratt this day, the festival belonged solely and utterly to one band – headliners the **Scorpions**.

There's no doubt that following the voluntary abdication of Van Halen, the Scorps have emerged as the most potent and desired hard rock act in America. They've painstakingly built both their performances (stage and vinyl) plus the surrounding organisation to an enviable peak of professional fine tuning, and the buzz on the streets suggests that their next studio album (due to be started in Cologne with producer Dieter Dierks at the end of 1985) will take them into the rarified region of multi-platinum status. It will be *their* '1984', *their* 'Eliminator', *their* 'Pyromania'.

It's merely a sign of the Scorpions' undeniable US strength that: (1) They were the primary reason for *Day On The Green* proving a 60,000 sell-out. (2) During a five-date SRO tour of America (of which this was a part) the band played before over 200,000 fans in outside venues of major proportions. All, with the exception of the Texas Jam (headlined by Deep Purple, with the Scorps as special guests), were bill-topping appearances. (3) The band's sensational (and I use that word advisedly) live album 'World Wide Live' has now shifted more than 650,000 copies in America.

What it all boils down to is that the Scorpions have amply laid the final foundation stone in the march towards making 1986 their indisputable year of mastery. And if anyone doubted this outfit's right to such thoughts, then this awesome show in San Fran must surely have changed minds and locked jaws.

Last year I saw the band play right out of their skins on a most inspiring North American tour. From Costa Mesa to San Francisco and onwards to Vancouver, I witnessed some *great* presentations from the Scorps. All of them paled before *Oakland*. Given a vast stage, these giants rose to the occasion in style. Providing the audience with a spectacular light show and visual staging (including lasers) was one thing, but it was the fivesome themselves who demanded attention. The gig was musically an exact mirror-image of 'WWL', opening with the tumultuously tumbling twin-set of 'Coming Home' and 'Blackout', before continuing with every popular post-'Tokyo Tapes' number with the possible absence of 'Lovedrive' and concluding on the amphetamined cattle round-up of 'Can't Get Enough'.

Watching the band in action really brought home why they are so special. Despite all the years of roadwork and the miles of studio tape they've shared, Meine/Schenker/Buccholz/Jabs/Rarebell still retain that rare ability to constantly spark off, and infuse, each other. One could almost touch the manner in which the band fed off a deliberate atmosphere of well-choreographed inspiration, producing a remarkable show I doubt they've *yet* bettered but somehow I'm convinced *will* top in the future.

This is the sort of act for whom success is a challenge and not just an aim, and no-one epitomises such a fact better than Matthias Jabs who, when first brought into the band several years ago, was a self-conscious, fragile lead guitarist stalking the indomitable shadows of Uli Jon Roth and Michael Schenker. Today, however, he is a clean, neat, vital musician with his own defined style if not quite the skilful genius of his illustrious predecessors.

The Scorps released 'World Wide Live' and undertook this mini-excursion simply as a holding operation designed to maintain the US momentum provided by 'Love . . .'. However, it says everything for the band's current status and attitude that they succeeded in making this memorable day their own rather than merely topping it off.

I wonder what the immigrations officer would have made of that?!

LOCAL CHART

1 OPEN FIRE **Y&T** (A&M)
2 TOOTH AND NAIL **Dokken** (Elektra)
3 LONG WAY TO HEAVEN **Helix** (Capitol)
4 NIGHT OF THE BLADE **Tokyo Blade** (Combat)
5 ROCK AIN'T DEAD **Heavy Pettin** (Polydor)
6 FRICTION **Coney Hatch** (Vertigo)
7 STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT **UFO** (Chrysalis)
8 DIE HARD EP **Venom** (Neat)
9 CRAZY NIGHTS **Tygers Of Pan Tang** (MCA)
10 SIXTY NINE **Sixty Nine** (demo)
11 WORLD WIDE LIVE **Scorpions** (Harvest)
12 VICES **Kick Axe** (Pasha)
13 THE WILD, THE WILLING & THE INNOCENT **UFO** (Chrysalis)
14 AXE HAMMER **Axe Hammer** (demo)
15 NO REMORSE **Motörhead** (Bronze)
16 BENT OUT OF SHAPE **Rainbow** (Polydor)
17 MECHANIX **UFO** (Chrysalis)
18 SLIDE IT IN **Whitesnake** (Geffen)
19 DENIM AND LEATHER **Saxon** (Carrere)
20 RESTLESS AND WILD **Accept** (Heavy Metal Worldwide)
21 LETTIN LOOSE **Heavy Pettin** (Polydor)
22 DON'T BREAK THE OATH **Mercyful Fate** (Music For Nations)
23 PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
24 EQUATOR Uriah Heep (Portrait)
25 WE WANT MOORE! **Gary Moore** (10 Records)
26 POWER FROM THE UNIVERSE **Battleaxe** (Music For Nations)
27 STANDING ALONE **White Wolf** (RCA)
28 THUNDER IN THE EAST **Loudness** (Music For Nations)
29 LET THEM EAT METAL **The Rods** (Music For Nations)
30 NO REST FOR THE WICKED **Helix** (Capitol)

Compiled by radio station KHMR 102.3 FM, *Camarillo, California.*

Anyone wishing to have their radio playlist/local chart published should send a copy to: ***Kerrang! charts, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.***

STAR CHOICE

RIK EMMETT (TRIUMPH)
'FLASH' Jeff Beck (Epic)
'WORKS' Pat Metheny (ECM)
'GO FOR YOUR LIFE' Mountain (Scotti Bros)

GLEN MARPLES (LONELY HEARTS)
'SUMMER OF '69' Bryan Adams (A&M 45)
'INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY' Ratt (Atlantic)
'7800° FAHRENHEIT' Bon Jovi (Vertigo)

GRANT BOULT (THE PROMISE)
'MONUMENT' The Sound (track from the 'All Fall Down' LP on Warner Brothers)
'WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER' Doors (track from the 'Absolutely Live' LP on Elektra)
'HOLLYWOOD' Red Hot Chillipeppers (Capitol 45)

COZY POWELL (ELP)
'FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK' AC/DC (Atlantic 12" 45)
'STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN' Led Zeppelin (track from the 'IV' LP on Atlantic)
'WON'T GET FOOLED AGAIN' The Who (track from the 'Who's Next' LP on Polydor)

IMPORTS

1 RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW **Precious Metal** (Mercury)
2 ONE LOOK **Day One** (Day One)
3 V **Nantucket** (Executive)
4 BLACK INTO BLUE **Quarterflash** (Geffen)
5 WHEN MIDNIGHT COMES **Surgin** (Capitol)
6 BOYSTOWN **Van Wilks Band** (Alibi)
7 EVEREST **Everest** (Epic)
8 NASTY SAVAGE **Nasty Savage** (Metal Blade)
9 ROCK THE NIGHT AWAY **Sugar Creek** (Ripett)
10 SYMPHONIES OF STEEL **Exxplorer** (Black Dragon)

INDIE METAL

1	1	CALL OF THE WILD **Lee Aaron** (Roadrunner)
2	5	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
3	2	ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM)
4	—	BORDERLAND **Rio** (Music For Nations)
5	3	ROUGH JUSTICE **Tytan** (Razor)
6	—	KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
7	10	OUT ON BAIL **Legs Diamond** (Music For Nations)
8	8	THE WRECK-AGE **Tygers Of Pan Tang** (Music For Nations)
9	19	FROM HELL TO THE UNKNOWN . . . **Venom** (Raw Power)
10	4	SCREAMIN' 'N' BLEEDIN' **Angel Witch** (Killerwatt)
11	7	POSSESSED **Venom** (Neat)
12	11	THE GOOD, THE BAD, THE WAYSTED **Waysted** (Music For Nations)
13	re	BEYOND THE MIST **Robin Trower** (Music For Nations)
14	14	BONDED BY BLOOD **Exodus** (Music For Nations)
15	re	HEARTBREAK **Sabu** (Heavy Metal America)
16	re	KILLING IS MY BUSINESS . . . AND BUSINESS IS GOOD **Megadeth** (Music For Nations)
17	18	HYPERACTIVE **Savage** (Zebra)
18	9	LOVE YOU TO PIECES **Lizzy Borden** (Roadrunner)
19	re	RAW TO THE BONE **Wishbone Ash** (Music For Nations)
20	16	STEEL THE LIGHT **Q5** (Music For Nations)

VIDEO

1	1	ANIMALIZE – LIVE UNCENSORED **Kiss** (Embassy)
2	—	LIVE – UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY **U2** (Virgin)
3	2	LIVE IN RIO **Queen** (PMI)
4	3	LET THERE BE ROCK **AC/DC** (Warner Home Video)
5	5	GREATEST FLIX **Queen** (PMI)
6	4	ALCHEMY LIVE **Dire Straits** (PolyGram)
7	6	*KERRANG!* VIDEO KOMPILATION **Various** (PMI/Virgin)
8	7	THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME **Led Zeppelin** (Warner Home Video)
9	9	THROUGH THE CAMERA EYE **Rush** (Embassy)
10	8	EMERALD AISLES **Gary Moore** (Virgin)
11	11	RECITAL OF THE SCRIPT **Marillion** (PMI)
12	14	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
13	12	MAKING MOVIES **Dire Straits** (Warner Home Video)
14	—	BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN **Iron Maiden** (PMI)
15	13	THE BEAT OF THE LIVE DRUM **Rick Springfield** (RCA/Columbia)

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SINGLES

1	—	LAVENDER **Marillion** (EMI)
2	1	DRIVE **The Cars** (Elektra)
3	20	REBEL YELL **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
4	2	MONEY FOR NOTHING **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
5	3	WHITE WEDDING **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
6	7	HARDEST PART IS THE NIGHT **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
7	4	ROCK 'N' ROLL CHILDREN **Dio** (Vertigo)
8	12	KAYLEIGH **Marillion** (EMI)
9	6	SUMMER OF '69 **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
10	—	NIGHTMARE **Venom** (Neat)
11	5	EMPTY ROOMS **Gary Moore** (10 Records)
12	—	AFTER THE FIRE **Roger Daltrey** (10 Records)
13	8	BACK ON THE STREETS **Saxon** (Parlophone)
14	9	SMOKIN' IN THE BOYS ROOM **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
15	18	OUT IN THE FIELDS **Gary Moore and Phil Lynott** (10 Records)
16	11	LITTLE BY LITTLE **Robert Plant** (Es Paranza)
17	30	ANIMAL (F**K LIKE A BEAST) **W.A.S.P.** (Music For Nations)
18	15	BARELY HOLDING ON **Lee Aaron** (Roadrunner)
19	13	LAY IT DOWN **Ratt** (Atlantic)
20	10	GLORY DAYS **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
21	28	WHAT ABOVE LOVE? **Heart** (Capitol)
22	14	I'M ON FIRE/BORN IN THE USA **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
23	16	DANGER **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
24	re	LEGS **ZZ TOP** (Warner Brothers)
25	17	THE ZZ TOP SUMMER HOLIDAY EP **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
26	19	DANCING IN THE DARK **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
27	25	OH SHERRIE **Steve Perry** (CBS)
28	-	WHAT DO I KNOW **Saga** (Portrait)
29	—	LOVIN' EVERY MINUTE OF IT **Loverboy** (CBS)
30	26	DON'T TURN AWAY **Robin George** (Bronze)

ALBUMS

1	2	BROTHERS IN ARMS **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
2	—	RUN FOR COVER **Gary Moore** (10 Records)
3	1	SACRED HEART **Dio** (Vertigo)
4	5	MISPLACED CHILDHOOD **Marillion** (EMI)
5	10	VITAL IDOL **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
6	6	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
7	3	BORN IN THE USA **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
8	8	U2 LIVE – UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY **U2** (Island)
9	4	WIDE AWAKE IN AMERICA **U2** (Island)
10	7	THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE **U2** (Island)
11	—	INNOCENCE IS NO EXCUSE **Saxon** (Parlophone)
12	9	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
13	12	QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS **Queen** (EMI)
14	11	HEARTBEAT CITY **The Cars** (Elektra)
15	30	THE JEWEL **Pendragon** (Elusive)
16	17	ALCHEMY **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
17	13	WAR **U2** (Island)
18	19	7800° FAHRENHEIT **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
19	22	LOVE OVER GOLD **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
20	21	MARCHING OUT **Yngwie J. Malmsteen's Rising Force** (Polydor)
21	18	MAKING MOVIES **Dire Straits** (Vertigo)
22	23	BORN TO RUN **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
23	14	THEATRE OF PAIN **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
24	16	INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY **Ratt** (Atlantic)
25	37	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR **Marillion** (EMI)
26	38	SHAKEN 'N' STIRRED **Robert Plant** (Es Paranza)
27	25	FUGAZI **Marillion** (EMI)
28	15	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
29	20	WORLD WIDE LIVE **Scorpions** (Harvest)
30	29	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
31	24	THE RIVER **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
32	36	FLY ON THE WALL **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
33	34	THE ALLNIGHTER **Glenn Frey** (MCA)
34	re	TAO **Rick Springfield** (RCA)
35	32	FLIP **Nils Lofgren** (Towerbell)
36	31	LONE JUSTICE **Lone Justice** (Geffen)
37	49	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
38	re	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
39	re	7 WISHES **Night Ranger** (MCA)
40	40	THE WILD, THE INNOCENT AND THE E. STREET SHUFFLE **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
41	44	DISTURBING THE PEACE **Alcatrazz** (Capitol)
42	41	SHOUT AT THE DEVIL **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
43	re	AGENT PROVOCATEUR **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
44	44	FLASH **Jeff Beck** (Epic)
45	48	POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
46	re	OPEN FIRE **Y&T** (A&M)
47	39	THE VERY BEST OF CHRIS de BURGH **Chris de Burgh** (Telstar)
48	re	BLACKOUT **Scorpions** (Fame)
49	—	MIDNITE DYNAMITE **Kix** (Atlantic)
50	50	PROFILE **Nick Mason And Rick Fenn** (Harvest)

PLAYLIST

XAVIER 'DOUBLE TROUBLE' RUSSELL
'TAKE A CHANCE' Saga (track from the 'Behaviour' LP on Portrait)
'GETS US ALL IN THE END' Jeff Beck (track from the 'Flash' LP on Epic)
'CALL OF THE WILD' Eric Martin (track from the 'Eric Martin' LP on Capitol import)

MALCOLM 'WEIRDO' DOME
'UNDER A RAGING MOON' Roger Daltrey (10 Records)
'WORLD WIDE LIVE' Scorpions (Harvest)
'BEAT THAT DRUM' The Water Boys (track from the 'This Is The Sea' LP on Island)

MICK 'HANGING JUDGE' WALL
'LIVE AFTER DEATH' Iron Maiden (EMI)
'HOUNDS OF LOVE' Kate Bush (EMI)
'WILD CHILD' Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction (Food 45 12")

GEOFF 'SLAM DIVER' BARTON
'PEARL NECKLACE' Oral (track from the 'Sex' LP on Conquest)
'THE NINTH WAVE' Kate Bush (conceptual side from the 'Hounds Of Love' LP on EMI)
'NEW GIRL IN TOWN' Sabu (track from the 'Heartbreak' LP on Heavy Metal America)

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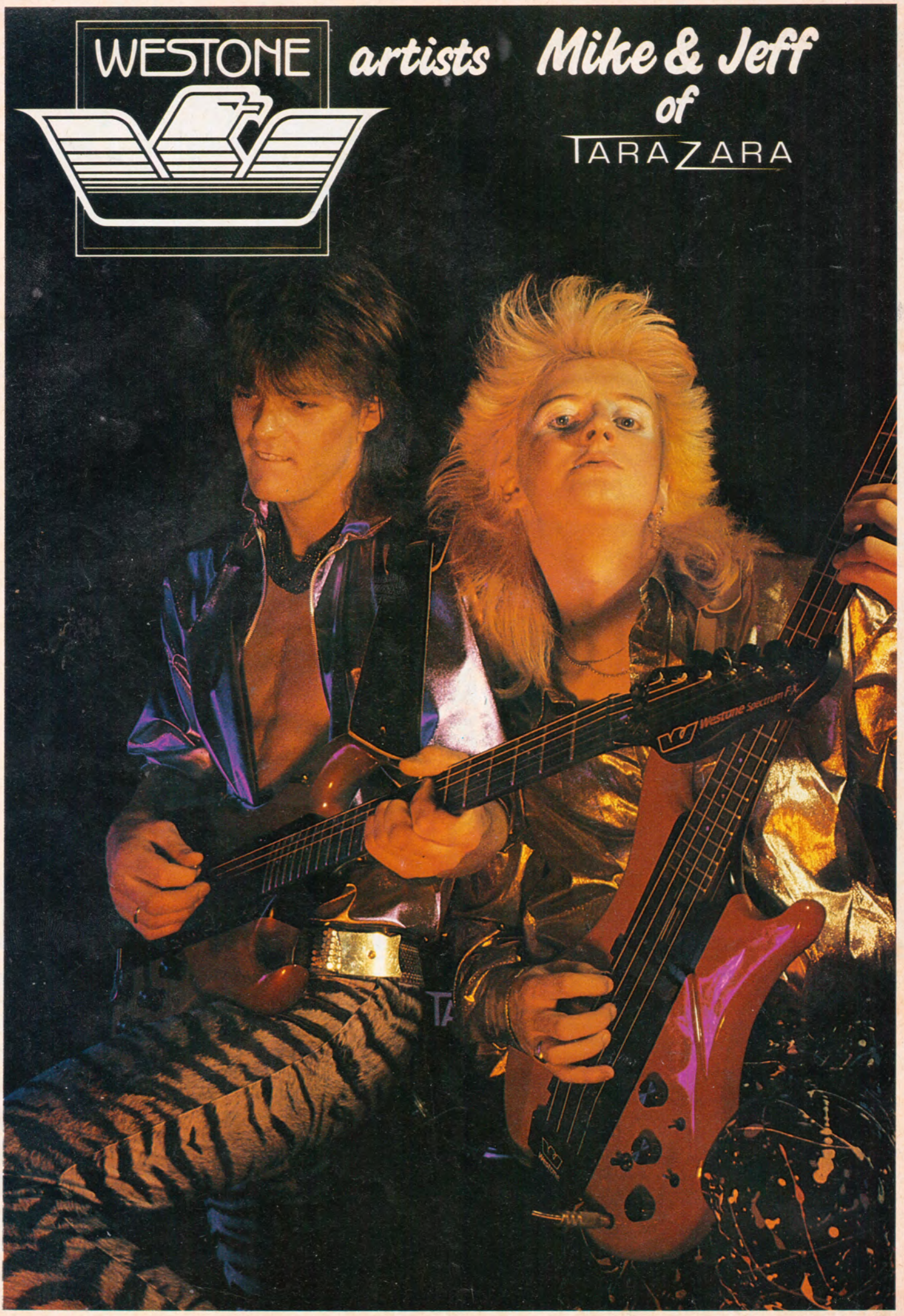
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